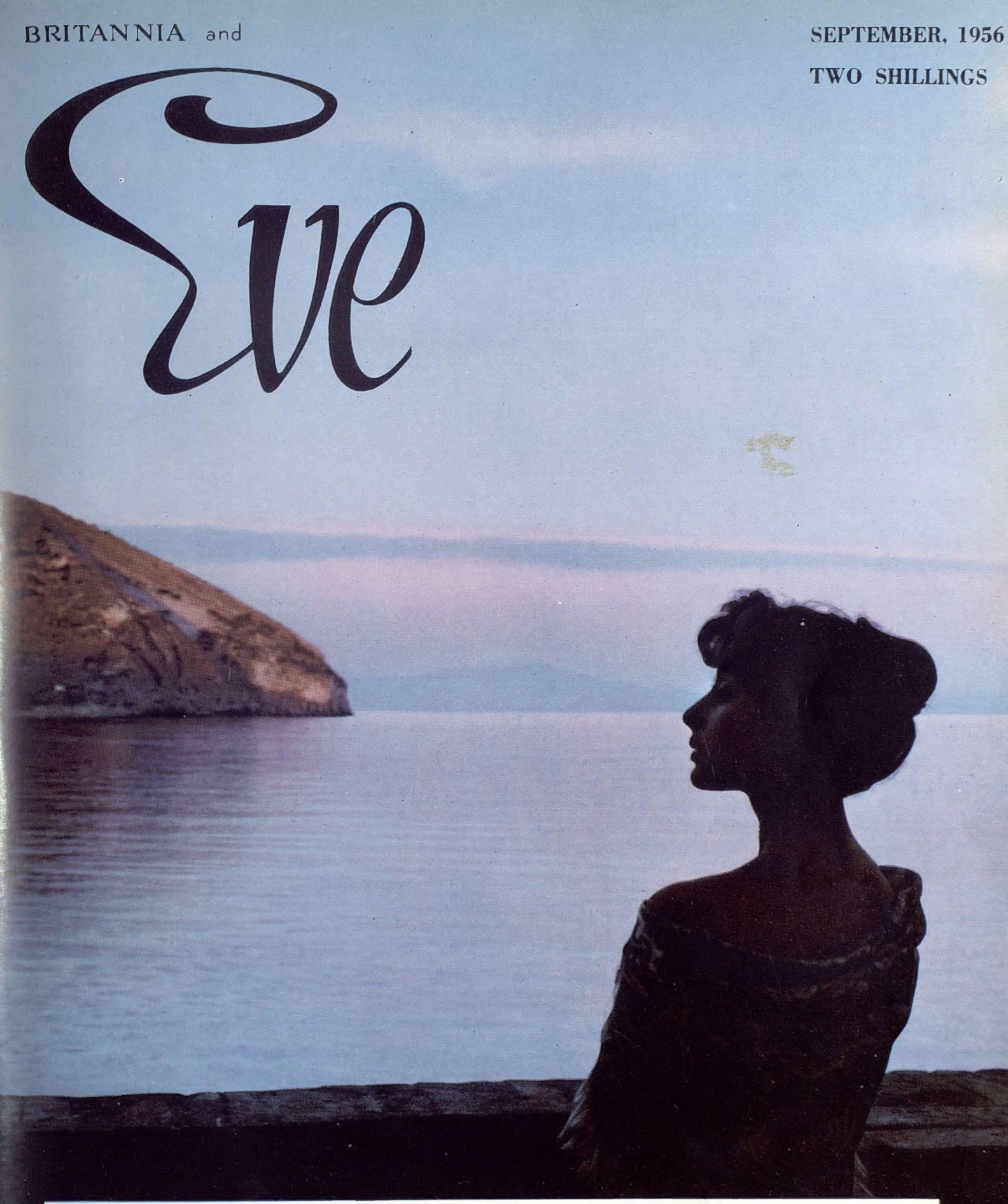
BRITANNIA and

SEPTEMBER, 1956

TWO SHILLINGS

Eve



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SEPTEMBER 1956

VOL. 53 NO. 3

INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

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INSIDE INFORMATION

Stay-plump-and-like-it girl Phoebe Winch (page 8) is twenty-four, married to an advertising agency executive, lives in Camden Town (in a studio-bungalow where the floorboards are still creaking from the clay former tenant Epstein used to store under them). Once a Fleet Street reporter, she is now "busy being a housewife who writes for pin money." She loves NOT working in an office. And wonders how she ever managed to get the shopping, collect the laundry and run the house in her lunch hour when now it seems to take her all day.

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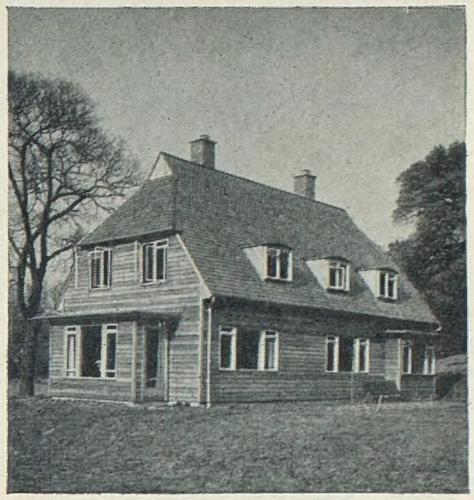

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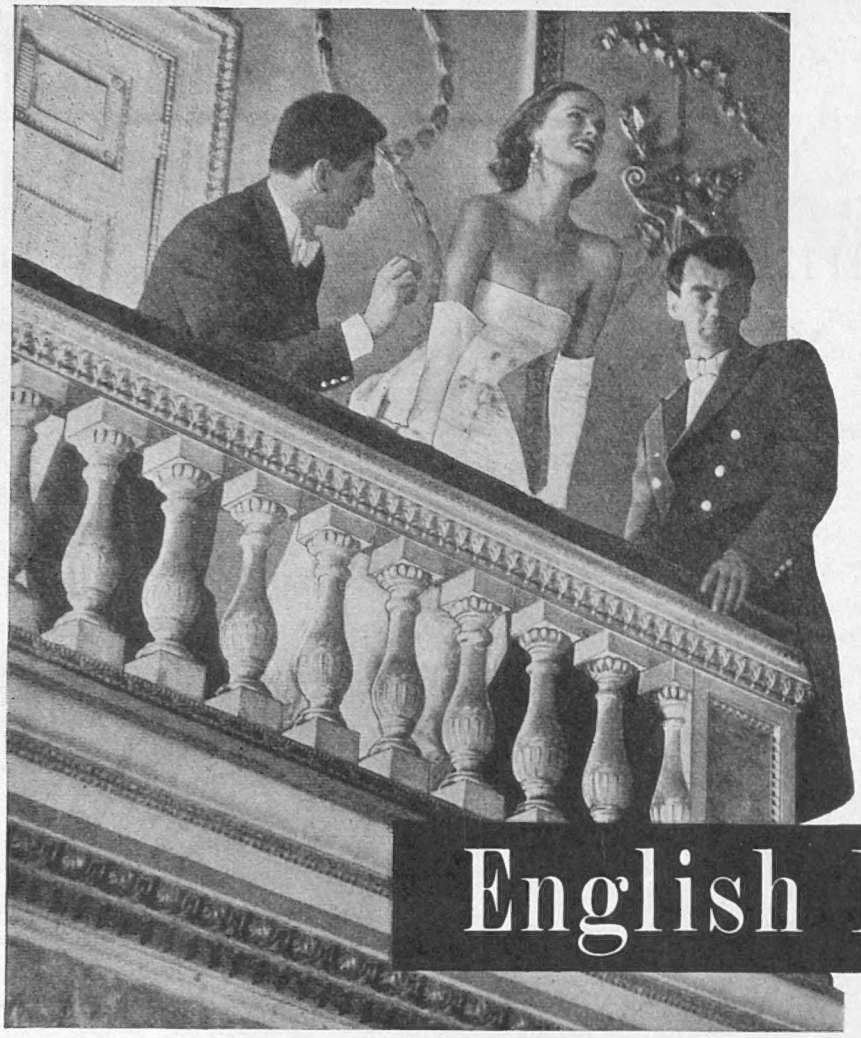

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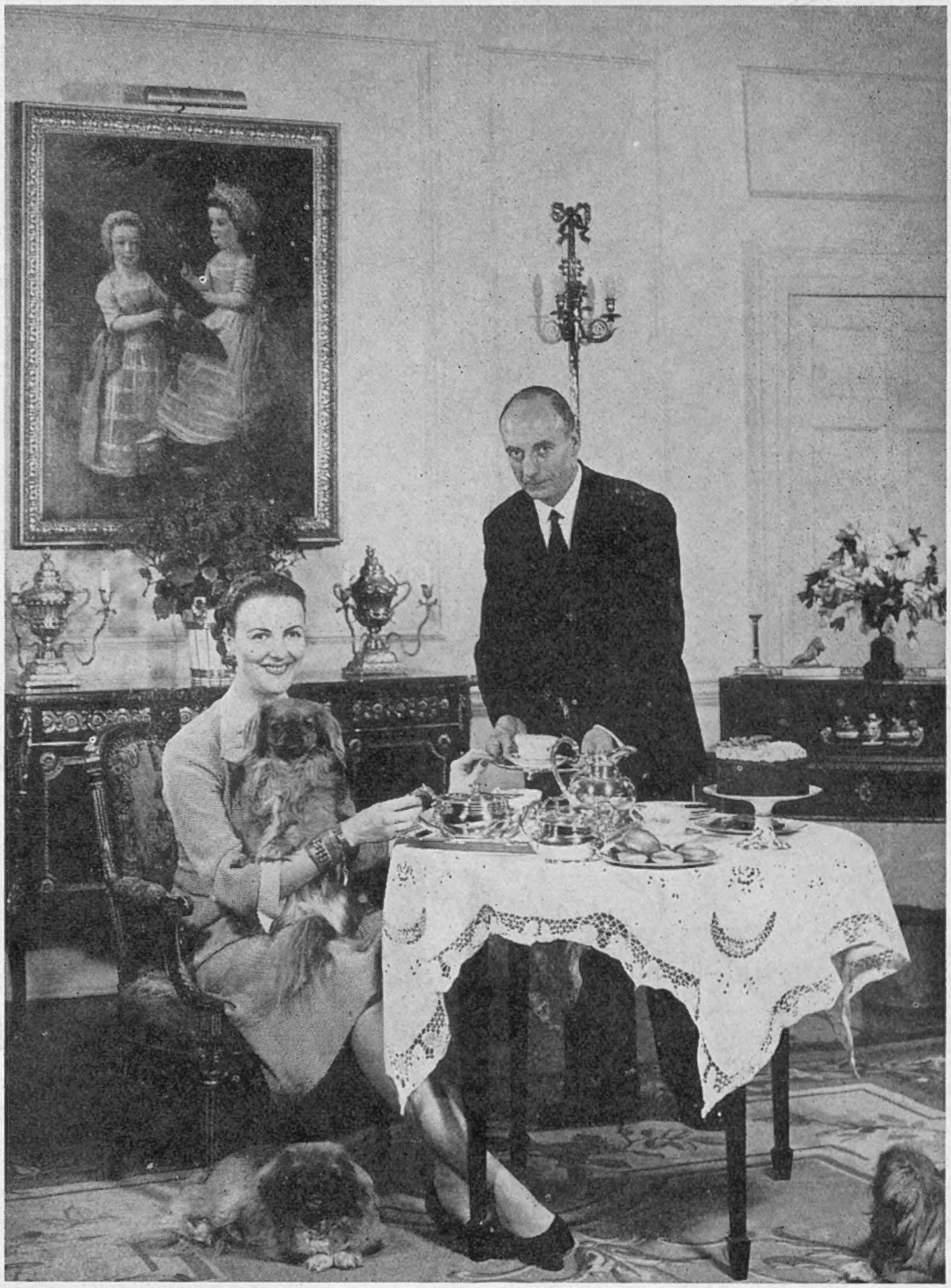
BARON TAKES TEA WITH THE HON. MRS. JOHN FERMOR-HESKETH

Eminent photographer Baron chose the drawing room for this charming and natural study of the Hon. Mrs. John Fermor-Hesketh. Mrs. Fermor-Hesketh and her husband, the Hon. John Fermor-Hesketh who is uncle of the youthful 10th Baronet and 3rd Baron Hesketh, live at Cosgrove Hall, Northants., a beautiful 17th century house. She is a keen grower and clever breeder of exotic plants, an avid collector of amusing antique snuff boxes — and a delightful hostess, whose gracious hospitality is internationally known.



BARON: An enchanting place you have here, Patricia, but I'm bound to admit—it makes problems for me.

MRS. FERMOR-HESKETH: *Indeed, Baron? How disappointing.*

BARON: Not disappointing at all. On the contrary, I suffer from an *embarras de richesse.* Shall I photograph you in front of the French and Flemish tapestries . . . or before that intriguing *border-keep* outside . . .

MRS. FERMOR-HESKETH: *You mean the dovecote? It is rather wonderful, isn't it. It's mentioned in the Domesday book, we understand.*

BARON: Or shall we have you in front of the Peter Morell flower paintings . . . or the Hogarths . . . or the Jacques Callot . . . really, I'm spoilt for choice.

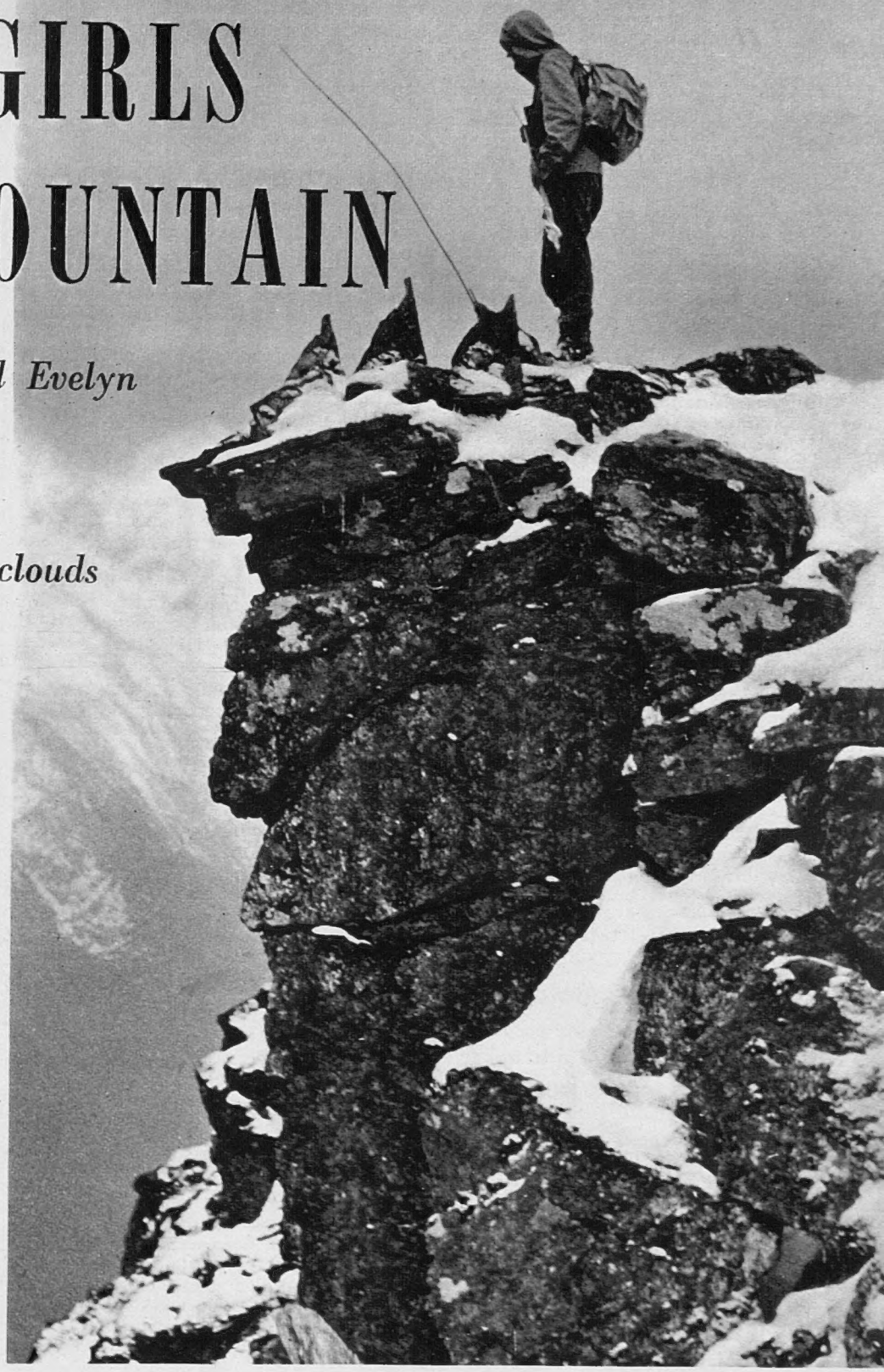
MRS. FERMOR-HESKETH: *Well suppose first of all we have a nice uncomplicated cup of tea. No difficult decisions about* that.

BARON: Lovely idea. Thank you, Stubbs. That's perfect . . I hope I'm not making any gaffes, Patricia, but you know this tastes exactly like that Brooke Bond blend—'Choicest' is it?

MRS. FERMOR-HESKETH: *No gaffes at all, Baron. It* is *Brooke Bond. Getting madly popular these days, isn't it? Though we've used it for ages, ourselves. So fresh and good, and so easy to get from the grocer. Another cup for you?*

THREE GIRLS ON A MOUNTAIN

Monica, Elizabeth and Evelyn set off on "a sort of pilgrimage" into the clouds



- *Only a few more feet to go—then the ice suddenly crumbles away and Monica plunges into a deep crevasse*

- *At the top they drink lemon-fizz, eat mint cake and chocolate, then shake hands. The peak is conquered*

by TREVOR ALLEN

IS there no prerogative left to man—not even the planting of little flags on Himalayan peaks? Must women, too, cry "Excelsior!" and powder their noses (with snow) on 22,000-ft. summits?

Two have recently done it: Monica Jackson, wife and mother of two children; Elizabeth Stark, Glasgow speech-therapist to the Lanarkshire County Council. With Dr. Evelyn Camrass, Glasgow physician's daughter—who was too ill to share in the final assault—they formed the first Women's Himalayan Expedition.

With four Sherpas they turned their backs cheerfully on Nepal's Kathmandu and climbed the largely unknown Jugal Himal region.

Why? For the excitement of pitting themselves against formidable hazards? No, says Monica, in the exciting story*, written half by herself, half by Elizabeth Stark. In common with most mountaineers, they went there "*on a sort of pilgrimage.*"

THEY were not the first women to attack the Himalayas. But they were the first *all*-women team to plan, organise and carry out a climb *on their own.*

So they christened a glacier on the way up to the 22,000-ft. peak "The Ladies' Glacier"—to remind posterity of their pioneering. The peak itself they called "Gyalgen," a tribute to a Sherpa.

It 's guts, not glamour, that counts in climbing. The girls looked like goggled gargoyles as they prepared for the final assault.

Evelyn, overcome by a pounding headache and exhaustion, dropped out rather than hamper the others.

Monica herself was incapable of concentration or consecutive thought until she and Betty got moving.

"We had to move softly and delicately, like cats on a roof, our soles clinging to a fine skin of snow which overlay the ice."

At one pause for rest Betty, struggling for breath, feared she was keeping back the others. Monica assured her that she was not, and turned to Sherpa Mingma for confirmation that Betty was going well.

Thereupon he launched into a panegyric on their climbing prowess, comparing it favourably with the performance of various sahibs he had climbed with who had fallen by the wayside! This was the tonic the women needed.

On and up they plodded, pausing only to eat mint cake, take photographs and put on crampons. Shining slopes of pure ice lead to the summit, overhung by a terrific cornice which prevented their going too near the edge. A high wind was blowing drifting snow. It was so cold they needed three pairs of gloves.

Black, menacing clouds were coming up fast from the south, and to reach the top before it became cloaked in mist they would have to get a move on. So they roped up again, Monica and Mingma on one rope, Betty and Ang Temba on the other.

(*Continued overleaf*)

*Tents in the Clouds (Collins, 18s.)

Three Girls on a Mountain

(*Continued from previous page*)

Monica, feeling fit and energetic, had hoped to lead all the way. But the sight of those clouds convinced her that if she let Mingma lead she would have to follow at his pace and would get up much more quickly.

" Mingma went up that ice very nearly at a run with me tearing after him. We had never before moved so fast in the mountains, and I was now higher than I had ever been before . . . well over 21,000 ft.

" I could not get my breath fast enough, and once stopped, gasping that I *must* halt. Mingma said anxiously, ' The clouds, memsahib.' They were very near, and the sight of them spurred me on to greater efforts.

" Suddenly, Mingma stopped and, with a beaming smile, pointed and said, ' Look, the summit.' We saw the ice-slope easing off ahead to end suddenly in a little apex of snow. The sight of it was like a dose of oxygen.

" I took an enormous breath, said ' All right, come on,' and we went up side by side to the summit."

At the top Mingma tied their little orange marking-flag to his ice-axe and stuck it in the snow.

They took photographs, drank lemon-fizz water and—a feminine touch, this—talked for twenty minutes. Then they decided to go down and see what had become of the other two.

EVE—an apology

Up and up go the sales of EVE. And more and more readers who have bought the magazine in the past find that their newsagent no longer has a spare copy.

Plans are being made for printing extra copies. In the meantime please accept my apologies.

If you know of anyone who has difficulty in obtaining EVE regularly, please write to me and I will do my best to see she gets priority.

THE EDITOR

Picking up their gear, they suddenly stopped. Hadn't they forgotten something important? Of course! Shaking hands on the summit. You always did that.

Solemnly they did so, then saw Betty coming up, cutting steps all the way because her crampons had come adrift. They returned to the summit to celebrate with mint cake and chocolate.

So that was the " Everest " of these two indomitable young women. In a spirit comparable to Hillary's, they had attained *their* " roof of the world." A venture which started with a casual letter from Monica to Betty saying: " Look, are you and Evelyn prepared to come with me to the Himalayas next year? "

Further ordeals awaited them on the way down. After a descent that seemed endless they reached a big snow-filled crevasse.

Monica wanted to go round it, but Mingma argued that a big storm was coming and they should cross by a snow-bridge. The snow had been firm before; it would still be safe, he claimed.

Agreeing against her better judgment, Monica set off across the snow, testing it at every step with her ice-axe and liking it less and less.

Then, feeling the rope slacken, she turned round and saw Mingma following her instead of waiting. About to tell him to go back, she decided that as she was only a few feet from the farther edge of the crevasse, she had better go on.

She stepped out, and plunged through the crust of the snow. Flinging herself forward, Monica drove her ice-axe pick into the snow-ice forming the crevasse lip.

MINGMA tightened the rope, holding her. Quickly she wedged her right arm over the corniced lip and found, to her relief, that the crevasse wall sloped towards her, so she could gain purchase on it with one foot. Mingma shouted, " I can pull you out! "

She felt the rope tension round her waist increase, but didn't want him to pull her out backwards—it would only break more of the crust and probably plunge both into the crevasse.

She shouted to him to give her more rope, but wasn't heard. The pain of the rope became intolerable. Again she shouted, and this time he heard and slackened the strain.

With her left hand Monica broke away enough of the cornice to enable her to get the other arm out, wriggle her body after it, and get on to solid ice and safety.

Later, crossing another knife-edge bridge over a deep crevasse, her goggle-band slipped down, pulling the glasses tight against her eyes and blinding her. Unable to right it, she had to keep moving slowly along, sightless, standing on one foot, feeling for the next step with the other.

ALL the time Betty waited anxiously to see which way she would fall, ready to throw herself into the crevasse on the other side, to hold her by their rope.

At one bad moment Monica asked, " Am I across? "

" Yes," Betty replied, " but keep to the right." Monica stepped half-wittedly to the left and all but walked over. A yell of warning—and she just made it.

There were many near touches like that to make this book a thrilling adventure every reader can share.

I shall be surprised if this is not a women's best-seller for many months to come. Watch your laurels, Sir Edmund! The ladies are not far behind you, and they can *write*.

Is that your flag I see still fluttering on Everest, or a woman's lace handkerchief?

SWEATER

Why? Because it is a

of the " Made in

THIS is the month when the Englishwoman tops the world in fashion sense. We may look dreary in spring, summer and winter—but oh! how we lead the world in the autumn fashion stakes.

Our figures *may* not be as good as the French; our legs *may* not be as good as the Americans. *Who cares?* In the autumn we beat them both with that fresh, crisp " Made in England " uniform of trim-tailored skirt and soft, soft knitwear.

That is why the sweater we have selected this month is a world-beater. Wear it in Paris and watch the heads turn in envy; wear it in New York and hear the whistles. Better still, wear it when you go shopping in an English county-town—that is what we designed it for!

MATERIALS: 20 oz. Copley's Sportslaine Wool in grey. Small balls in 4-ply in yellow, green, red and white. 1 pair each of Nos. 9 and 13 knitting needles. 4 buttons. A medium-size crochet hook. *Measurements:* To fit a 36 to 37-in. bust; length, 21½ ins.; sleeve seam, 14 ins. *Tension:* 6½ sts. to 1 in. on No. 9 needles. *Abbreviations:* K., knit; p., purl; dec., decrease; sts., stitches; st.st., stocking stitch; inc., increase; rem., remain(ing); rep., repeat; cont., continue; patt., pattern; sl., slip; ins., inches; beg., beginning; foll., following.

NOTE: For the 34 to 35-in. bust size use Nos. 10 and 14 knitting needles. For the 38 to 39-in. bust size, Nos. 8 and 12 needles.

THE FRONT

Using No. 9 needles and Grey wool, cast on 106 sts. and work in st.st. for 1 inch, finish after a p. row. Change to the foll. patt.:

1st row: * P. 1, sl. 1 purlwise, keeping wool in front of work. Rep. from * to end.

2nd row: P.

3rd row: * Sl. 1 purlwise, keeping wool in front of work, p. 1. Rep. from * to end.

4th row: P.

These 4 rows form the patt. Rep. them inc. 1 st. at each end of next row and at 2-in. intervals until there are 120 sts. (Work measures about 15 ins.)

Shape Armholes: Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 70 rows. (50 sts. rem.)

Next row: Work 2 tog., patt. 23, turn and leave rem. sts. on spare needle.

***Next row:* Cast off 5, patt. to end.

Next row: Work 2 tog., patt. to end.

Next row: Cast off 4, patt. to end.

MAKES NEWS

brilliant NEW version

England" classic

Next row : Work 2 tog., patt. to end.
Next row : Cast off 3, patt. to end.
Next row : Work 2 tog., patt. to end.
Rep. last 2 rows once more.
Next row : Cast off 2 sts., patt. to end.
Next row : Work 2 tog., p. 1. Cast off.
Go back to rem. sts. and work this side to match.

THE BACK

Work exactly as for Front until work measures 15 ins.

Shape Armholes : Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 40 rows (80 sts. rem.).

Next row : Dec. 1 st., patt. 38, turn and leave rem. sts. on spare needle. Keeping open edge straight, dec. at side edge as before until 25 sts. rem., finish at armhole edge, then work from ** of front.

Go back to rem. sts. and work to match.

THE SLEEVES (2)

Using No. 9 needles and Grey wool, cast on 44 sts. and work in st.st. for 1 inch, finish after a p. row.

Change to the 4-row patt. and inc. 1 st. each end of 7th row and every foll. 6th row until there are 90 sts.

Shape Top : Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 80 rows. Cast off rem. 10 sts.

THE COLOURED NECK BAND

Using Yellow wool and No. 13 needles, cast on 97 sts. and work in st.st. for 11 rows. Cast off. Now Swiss darn the zigzag motif in green and the cross motif in red as in diagram, beg. at centre, and working outwards. For Swiss darning insert needle from the back into centre of st. Follow st. along its right side and passing the thread through top, down its left side, so that you come back from where you started.

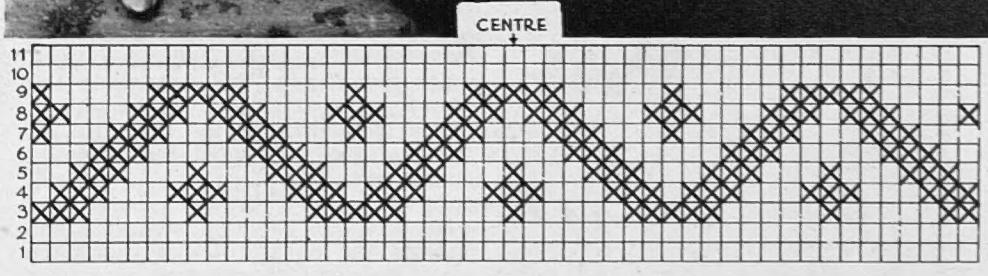
THE COLLAR

Using No. 9 needles and Grey wool, cast on 70 sts. and work in the 4-row patt. for 8 rows, then keeping continuity of the patt., cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows, and dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

TO MAKE UP

Press the work with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Sew in sleeves, then sew up sleeve and side seams. Turn in the st.st. hem and sl. st. in position on wrong side. Sew on neckband and collar as shown in photograph, then work chain stitch or stem stitch embroidery round neck seam. Work a row of double crochet along edges of back opening, working 4 buttonhole loops on right side. Sew on buttons to correspond.

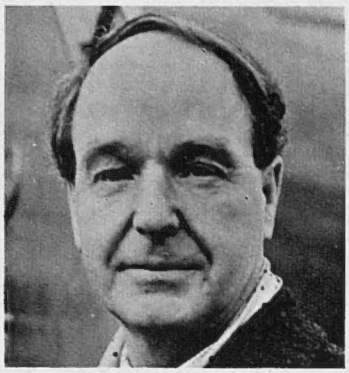
Press seams.



IT'S NO SECRET—*Eve* has the best knitting in Britain. Do not miss next month's 8-page special supplement: *KNITTING FOR THE FAMILY*

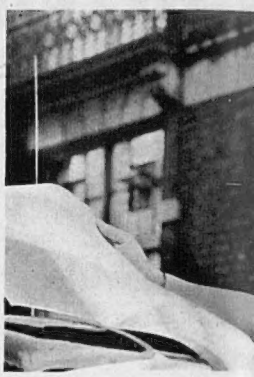
It's the outsize women who wear the biggest

SIR GERALD KELLY



HENRY MOORE

HARDY AMIES



STAY PLUMP AND LIKE

ASK THE MEN—they'll tell you those extra inches make you look more attractive, says Phœbe Winch

ARE you plump? Are you well-rounded? Are you fatter than your friends?

Good. So you ought to be.

Take no more notice of those articles in the magazines and newspapers telling you how to slim—articles written, I suspect, by strange, stalk-like figures. Don't turn aside from new potatoes, french pastries and dry martinis. Stop living on liquids, bananas, lean ham, or whatever your ridiculous diet is. Stop those terrible exercises every morning and evening.

Give it all up. There is absolutely no need to slim, for the very simple reason that being plump is not necessarily A BAD THING. (Oh, I know all that business about looking slim in a swimsuit. But honestly, how much time do you spend in a swimsuit?)

After trying, ineffectually and rather half-heartedly, to whittle away a few pounds myself, I suddenly realised that it was all a lot of nonsense. This happened when my husband admired a woman at a party. I whipped round—"Who? Where? Which hat?" He pointed out a girl who was, quite definitely, plump. She was young, gay, well-dressed—but there was no mistaking her poundage.

That was the moment I decided to leave slimming alone, and concentrate, quite shamelessly, on what made this plump girl so attractive. I also concentrated on looking at the thin girls for the first time. I noted their strange, staring eyes (*three days on black coffee?*), their wan smiles and straight, lifeless hips. And these girls whose stomachs had suffered the rigours of diet charts too long, were not mannequins who have to look like beanstalks.

Then I remembered the plump women who were unexpected, overwhelming, joyous successes.

Remember the Queen of Tonga? After our own Queen, she was, without doubt, the success of the Coronation. Could a thin woman have beamed so beautifully, waved so expansively and been so utterly oblivious of the rain?

Remember the Queen Mother, definitely matronly, but full of dignity and poise. Could a thin woman examine a rose at the Chelsea Flower Show with such warmth and such charm? One wonders—would history have been different had the future Duchess of Windsor been jolly, fat and smiling; had the British people taken her to their hearts?

THERE is so much that is lovable about plump women; their great big smiles and great broad arms seem willing to embrace the whole world. Very few plump wives are dragged through the divorce courts on the grounds of mental cruelty and nagging.

Many women, however, are not only concerned with being nice-natured. They want to be beautiful as well. And according to the magazines and newspapers, to be slim and elegant is to be beautiful. . . .

But is this, in fact, true?

Look at the beautiful women artists and sculptors have chosen as their models. Renoir's women are on the plump side, Michael Angelo's rather muscular, and Rubens' verging on the vulgarly fat. Even **Henry Moore's** symbolic women could hardly be called willow-slender.

The only comment **Sir Gerald Kelly** would make when I telephoned him (he was busy painting some tulips whose leaves were falling off rapidly) was: "Titian liked 'em fat and Botticelli liked 'em thin." But even Botticelli's women have curiously protruding stomachs which

◀ Model for the plump—Eve Crosby-Coles. Elegance with 46-in. hips; 44-in. bust

smiles—so why not. . .

SHEILA VAN DAMM

Winifred Atwell—" I tried to slim. But they like me to stay the way I am."

IT. . .

nowadays would call for unspeakable exercises.

In many parts of the world plumpness is still considered beautiful and desirable in a woman. In Arabic countries a thin woman would be bypassed without hesitation in favour of a fat one. And African negresses go to immense lengths to be both fat *and* shiny-faced. (No matt finish for them.)

AS we are not Arabians or African negresses, or even likely to catch the eye of a famous artist, I asked several notably plump women what they felt about it.

Harriet Cohen : " Aren't women who try to slim silly ? Provided you don't eat and drink too much—as a substitute for a more genuine sort of happiness—then you are all right. My measurements are the same as they were before the war. I think nicely-rounded women are delightful."

Winifred Atwell : " Anything I eat goes to my figure straight away—if you can call it a figure. I used to try and slim when I was younger. But now, no one *wants* me to slim. They like me the way I am. Men definitely like plump women."

Dame Sybil Thorndike : " I have to watch my diet carefully, but I 'm always glad when I see a girl with a bit of a figure instead of looking like a pin. It 's quite idiotic to make such a fuss about it all. . . ."

Yvonne Arnaud : " This craze for slimming—it is only in America and England. On the Continent, they are so sensible. No one talks or even thinks about whether they are fat or thin. Women are judged by their brains, not by their weight. To do otherwise is nonsense. When a woman says to me ' I 'm too fat,' I know she has no brains."

Mrs. Braddock : " Slimming ? Not on your life. I 'm 14 st. 12 lb. and very happy with that. The world would be very dull if we were all like beanstalks. If you are naturally stout, you 'd be crazy to slim. Medically, it is very bad for you and lowers your resistance. If anyone suggested I should slim, well . . ."

Sheila Van Damm : " I lose my sense of humour if I try to slim. I get so hungry. Anyway, I can't be bothered with dieting—life is too short. I 'd rather be healthy and happy. I 'm fed-up with being told to become a sylph. . . ."

Finally, I asked **Hardy Amies** whether he thought the plump girl had any chance of looking really fashionably elegant: " Of course. It isn't a question of plumpness or slimness. It 's a question of ' being in good shape.' A plump woman, even a short, plump woman, can look elegant if she holds herself well. Look at Yvonne Arnaud. It is the sticking-out tummy which we dressmakers can't cope with. I 'd rather dress a fat woman who holds herself well, than a bean-pole with a sticking-out tummy."

ALL of which is very encouraging. There is no doubt about it, we can't all be poured in the same mould as the Barbara Goalens and Audrey Hepburns of this world. And there is no evidence that it is the perfect shape to be.

Weight of opinion seems to suggest that plump women are just as attractive, just as elegant, just as beautiful as thin ones —and often a good deal nicer-natured.

So tear up those diet charts, tuck into all the goodies you like and watch the men crowd round admiringly. And if you *still* hanker to look slim in a swimsuit—swathe yourself in a huge, poncho-like stole instead and stay in fashion—and in good shape.

Have you any beauty problems ? Do you want to know how to keep that bandbox look ?

Don't write to me about it—I don't know, either.

I 'm just *not* the bandbox type. I 'm the one with the shiny nose and the slightly off-white gloves. The girl whose nylons always ladder at a party.

I 've tried—how I 've tried—to be WELL-GROOMED. I 've read all the advice in the beauty books. I 'll tell you next month what happens when I follow it . . .

Dream of the dieting—Audrey Hepburn. But who decided the " perfect shape " ?

A (work) ROOM OF YOUR OWN

Study, playroom, potting shed . . . they 're always in the plan. Isn't it time someone designed a house with a workroom for a woman?

IS there *room* for you in your home? Room to sew, write letters, design a dress, plan the housekeeping budget . . . room *to relax*?

For him—the study, the potting-shed, the workbench in the garage. They 're sacred to work, to hobbies—or just for sitting and thinking.

For you—where? The table in the kitchen or corner of the sitting-room? A muddled sewing box beside an armchair?

* * *

The kitchen isn't a place for designing, dressmaking, writing. Neither is a room shared with the family.

For creative work you need a room of your own.

We asked a dozen women to plan a room—to express in it their urge to create, to relax away from the family, the cooking and cleaning.

Our artists drew the dream room. The result is one few women could afford. Yet in it are most of the things a woman has somewhere around her home.

* * *

A spare room or an attic no one uses could be turned into a workroom. And if the designs of your new house include a study and a playroom, then why not a room for you as well . . . ?

* * *

What will you put in it?

For a start—a sewing machine, tailor's dummy, cutting-out table, steam iron, drawing-board, sewing box bureau, typewriter, files, telephone, radio, your favourite books — *Dee Remmington*

Illustration by Pamela Degil and Hans Schwartz

MORNING—*before a dash for the 8.45*

NOON—*the Sunday cook comes into his own*

Changing the baby, helping with the Sunday lunch . . . learning so many things about living . . . about myself

HERE'S

UNLESS a time comes when Marriage, as an institution, is abolished altogether, no one will ever find the last word to say about it. Which is, perhaps, despite all that is said against it, a very good thing.

For I have learned more from marriage about everything under the sun than I ever did at school, travelling in ten countries, at sea in the war and working as a newspaper reporter.

All these activities bring you into pretty close contact with human nature. But none of them bring you half as close to the heart and mind, to the tender consideration of another human being as does marriage. None of them bring you face to face with your *self* as does daily life lived with the woman you love and the children she has borne you.

More marriages fail over quarrels about money than for any other single cause. You could say that the couple who spend their income harmoniously have already learned a tremendous amount about living. Squabbles, basically, are just as fierce and just as difficult whatever the income level.

As a bachelor, and it is ten years since I was one, I counted myself generous and open-handed. Girls I squired were given the best my wage packet could afford. But after a short time of marriage, I discovered that I was *mean*.

My wife pointed it out to me ; my wife proved it to me. And I was shocked.

Bachelor generosity, I discovered, had been mostly self-indulgent. I liked buying drinks. I liked giving attractive girls good food and good wine.

But in marriage, when it was a question of going out for the evening or buying new chair-covers, I discovered that over chair-covers I was the meanest man in town. I have learned now to find money for chair-covers, though it still hurts a little.

I am, of course, still learning from marriage.

MARRIAGE teaches one the value of money. We know now, my wife and I, that two dozen oysters and a roast duck with a bottle of good wine—at home—is much better value for a celebration than the equivalent menu in a restaurant. Are oysters worth it at 15s. a dozen in a bar when you can buy them retail at 6s. a dozen ? Is a bottle of wine at £1 worth while when you can drink the same wine at home at half-a-guinea ? My wife and I think not.

We still think so, even when we are washing-up the dinner things.

From marriage one learns the hard lessons of consideration, understanding, tolerance. A man knows about these things as a bachelor. Or rather, I think he knows *of* them. The *about* them you only get from marriage. Successful marriage is continuing to be wise after the event.

After the quarrel, either one of you, calming down, will tell yourself that if you had not brought up the issue of the undarned socks—or the broken promise to pay the school fees—at a time when your wife had a screaming headache—or your husband had an Office Row—there would not have been a quarrel.

Continuing to be wise after the event means next time getting at least one pair of socks darned. Or saying you have not paid the school fees because you paid the gas, electricity, hire purchase, mortgage, and at the moment the bank manager is in one of his unco-operative moods.

THE prime lesson I have learned about love from marriage is *timing*. Love is timing. It is the knowledge, or feeling, of when to make love, when to quarrel, when to offer a shoulder for weeping.

Of course, I have learned much about children from marriage and my two sons. Yet I never wanted to have children. I never longed for a son to carry on my name. Nor did I—nor do I now that I have two—want to see them make a success of those things I failed at as a boy. I want them only to make a success of what they want to do.

I believe there are many men who think as I did, though perhaps they are not quite so outspoken about it.

I always had a pretty accurate idea of what being a father entailed. I did not want the responsibility, the clatter and the ruthless demands, the not being free except with the aid of sitters-in or mothers' helps.

During the brief courtship of my wife, I did agree that I would like to have extremely pretty daughters who would be rather fey, very decorative and

NIGHT—and that "Glad-to-see-you-back" hug

WHY I STAY MARRIED!

regard me, their father, as a combination of Rocky Marciano and Sir Osbert Sitwell. Of course, I know now, since my two sons have brought me into tea-party contact with beautiful, decorative little girls that they can be just as unreal, just as demanding as boys.

So marriage has taught me that you cannot divide children. Boy or girl, they are demanding and clatter with equal efficiency.

My two sons have taught me what I am. Children, from the point of view of behaviour, are what we parents make them. They are how husband and wife behave to each other. They are embarrassing mirrors of our failings. If one is selfish, the reflections children give can be annihilating.

JUDGES in divorce courts, social workers, religious dignitaries, comment frequently on selfish parents. I have some real sympathy for those parents. The care and protection of children is one of the deepest and best of the tribal instincts in man. Yet civilised living, with its stresses and strains, wars directly against perfect parenthood.

If one is willing to learn from marriage, one can combat the needling factors of twentieth-century life. Yet there are a great many married couples who because of their very emotional make-up should never have children, who are in no way capable of dealing with them humanely or with understanding.

Although I said I never wanted to have children, I always had a very real appreciation of the wants and desires of the little people who live in a world mostly composed of big ones.

They are realities and they are life. And if a man cannot face up to their midnight crying and their early morning high spirits then he is a poor fish. In need of sympathy perhaps, but—should he ever have been a father?

Now that I have sons, I cannot be without them. Out of recollection, two incidents particularly mark my love for them. A love which on occasions conflicts with my old prejudice of not wanting children.

I remember how my youngest son, who had to be weaned suddenly after three months' breast feeding, refused to take his bottle. He fought, he yelled his small body into croaky hoops of rage and frustration. The nurse was there, my wife was there, and my mother was there too.

The three women could not make him feed. And of this I am proud, and as a great moment in my life it ranks equally with the sale of my first story and the first time I smelt the East: *it was I who got him to feed from his bottle.*

I had watched how, when he fed at my wife's lovely breast, he did not really suck as one does through a straw, but took the nipple in his mouth and with his tongue pressed it against the roof of his mouth.

The three women had been pushing the bottle straight into his mouth. His crying was like a blade in the heart. I took him in my arms, took the bottle and pushed the teat up against the roof of his mouth. For a second he fought, then he started to feed. The crying was gone, the hunger was satisfied, and in my arms he took life. A life that he had previously taken from my wife.

It is perhaps a small incident and not a lead story on the front page of the world's living. For me it was.

I learnt about selfishness when I took my eldest son to the cinema. It was a crook film designed for boys. It was badly edited and even I, an adult, could not follow the plot properly. My eldest boy asked which gun was on which side?

I said, "I don't know. It's a very badly made picture." But he answered rather reproachfully, "It isn't a bad picture to me, Daddy."

I learnt then the small wounds we can so unwittingly inflict on the young—and indeed on grown-ups.

FOR now, if someone tells me how much they enjoyed a book, film or play, and I can see how much pleasure it gave them, I do not say that I disliked it.

Weak? Perhaps. Yet no grave moral problems are involved—only understanding and heart. If a book or film postulated evil I would argue back. But marriage has taught me, and my two sons have added to the knowledge, that there are relative values and that they run right through our living.

So I believe in marriage. I am not impressed by all that is said against it. Marriage itself is not in error—only husbands and wives err in their behaviour towards each other, their children, and the community.

Only wrong people make wrong of marriage. We should never decry it because we only decry ourselves.

I think that, above all other things, is the most important lesson marriage teaches.—*H. K.*

URSULA BLOOM, versatile writer of best-sellers, tells the dramatic story of 40 memorable minutes

A woman lay on an operating table. Minute by minute she watched as the knife moved . . . and saved her from years of mental torture

I watched my

I WATCHED through a mirror as the surgeon's pencil traced an outline on the lip—an outline where a few minutes later a knife would cut into the delicate tissue.

It was my lip—for I was the patient and I was watching my own operation.

For forty minutes I saw the glint of instruments in the fierce arc-lights beating down on the operating table. I saw the delicate play of the surgeon's fingers as he wove intricate stitches . . .

And I am writing this because those forty minutes were the most memorable of my life . . .

I sought the help of plastic surgery because a brain operation to ease my serious headaches had caused my upper lip to droop on one side. When I met strangers I shrank from the eyes which went instinctively to my lip.

I tried to compete with a growing inferiority complex, believing my trouble was something I had to grin and bear. I was wrong. I did not realise that to-day, *nobody* need bear the misery of a facial defect of that kind.

I consulted a plastic surgeon. At first, fear of the knife held me back; then I made a date for the operation on the principle that any action is better than none. The waiting was torment. When the day came, I did not believe that I could go through with it.

I waited in a flower-filled sitting-room. Then, in the small operating theatre, I lay down on a comfortable table. I did not have to undress—sterilised cloths were placed over me.

At first, I believed that I should collapse. I watched the efficient theatre sister and the surgeon, who talked lightheartedly to me. I kept thinking, "*This can't be me!*"

I thought I should faint and absurdly assured myself that anyway a faint would get me out of it this time.

The surgeon gave me a mirror and I watched as he blue-pencilled my lip. A photograph of my mouth as it once was had been set on a blackboard before him. He glanced at it from time to time.

After the initial injection I felt my face go numb. I still believed I should feel everything—but I felt nothing.

I did not watch the actual cutting. Only when the clamps went on to stop the bleeding did I realise that part was over. Perhaps the most trying thing was the burning of the fierce arc-lights which beat down on every operating table.

I watched again as the methodical stitching-up began. The surgeon took a different needle each time from an assortment hanging round his wrist. He used black for the sewing so that the stitches would be easier to see when they were removed. Displeased with one stitch, he made me repeat several words to make sure I could use my mouth properly. He removed the stitch and readjusted it from a different angle. I asked why. He told me that I had twisted my mouth when I said "s."

THE advantage of local anæsthesia in operations of this kind is that a surgeon is able to give full tests as he works. If a general anæsthetic is used, the face muscles sag as the body relaxes, and if the patient bleeds badly the blue-pencil marks are washed away and too much is left to chance. Although I did bleed badly, I saw no sign of it. The clamps were on when I looked in the mirror, and the lip was sewn up before they were removed.

Finally, a tiny dressing, the width of baby ribbon, was laid on the incision and painted over with a liquid.

The operation took forty minutes. I felt perfectly well. The procedure had been wildly interesting, the result successful. There was no need to go to bed. I finished my day's work and within forty hours the stitches were removed, leaving little or no scar. To-day my lip is normal. There is no trace of the operation.

I met other patients when I went back to see the surgeon. The woman with the tense frown told me everyone assumed she was bad-tempered. She had lost several jobs because of it. In half an hour, the frown had gone for ever.

There was the woman who told me she had such heavy eyelids that her eyes were always half-closed. She thought nothing could be done—until a friend suggested plastic surgery. After her operation, she had the wide, lustrous eyes which had been her birthright. A tiny tuck was run along her upper lid. No scar was left and the difference to her appearance was unbelievable.

There was the young man with the enormous nose who was teased so much while he was in the Services. The sergeant, who had a mistaken sense of humour, was always drawing attention to his trouble.

"My nose has spoilt my whole life," he said, "and I'd do anything to have it changed, because I can't stand much more of it."

It was changed, and when I saw him I could not believe that he had ever been

"*Take my baby away—I don't want him!*"—cried a young mother after the shock of a long and painful birth. . . . It was an ordeal which made her vow never to have another child—until she discovered pain and childbirth are *NOT* inseparable.

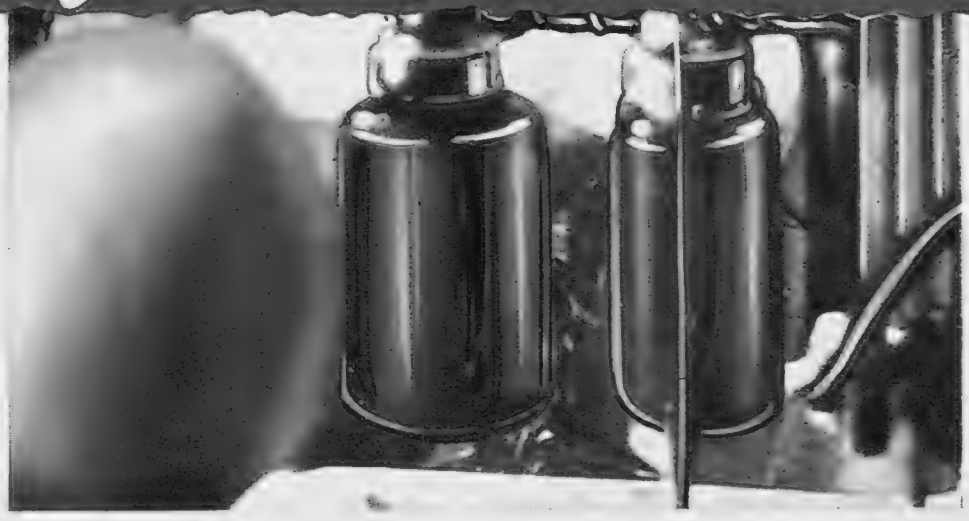
NEXT MONTH she tells how her second child was born—by the Grantley Dick Read method of natural childbirth.

- *Does fear—or prudery—stop women from seeking the help of plastic surgery? Need they suffer the mental torment of facial defects?*

- *Good looks wear out. In France and America, the ageing woman looks on a face-lift as a running repair to make age look its best*

- *Why not here? It takes only a little time—and the courage to conquer an unnecessary fear. Cost? "About the same as your holiday"*

own operation



'It was wildly interesting'

anything but extremely good-looking. He was extraordinarily casual about the whole thing. But, then, almost all the patients are. "It's only common sense to have it done," he said.

IF you have been born with a deformity which detracts from your appearance and becomes a torment, then plastic surgery is the only wise answer. Why should we retain those humiliating defects which have the power to spoil our entire lives?

In plastic surgery there lies the bedrock of safe and sure assistance for those women with younger husbands who are constantly on edge lest time should cheat them of happiness. No one can live long with anxiety and stay good-looking.

Plastic surgery is also the answer for those older women who are struggling desperately to retain their jobs and have to compete with young and vigorous competition. To the young, good looks are everyday assets, but good looks wear out. It is *not* crazy to go in for running repairs, though perhaps we have not yet advanced far enough to realise this.

Why should one keep unnecessary lines or tolerate a sagging contour, hen-neck or bulbous nose?

Plastic surgery may ask about a week of your time, but that does not entail a week in an expensive nursing home, or in bed. It is not expensive; the cost is approximately that of your holiday (and I am not comparing it with the cost of an expensive holiday abroad).

All it asks is that you should conquer a quite unnecessary sense of fear.

The operations are far more lasting than people imagine. The removal of a frown or alteration of a nose is quite permanent. The face-lift on some skins is not as permanent as one would hope; on others it is excellent.

THIS type of help has met with much prudish disapproval in England, though American and French women rely on it. One day we shall do the same, because it is an asset which is a mental help as well as a physical improvement. It wipes off the inferiority complex which shadows so many of us through our lives. We can look the world in the eyes with a reconditioned face *which bears no trace of the work which has been done to it.*

It has a tonic value. It brings with it a fresh excitement, new pride and the infinite uplift of the knowledge that for the first time for ages, you are looking "rather nice." When you meet a friend who says involuntarily, "How well you are looking!" you realise then that the truth of the whole matter—plastic surgery is *good* for one.

Soon we English shall look on it as something just as ordinary as tinting the hair at the hairdresser's, or getting a tooth filled at the dentist's.

Do not be misled about this or foster any false ideas. This is not the treatment for those silly old ladies who want to prance forth with the skittishness of young lambs. No good surgeon would try to make age look girlish. What he does attempt to do, is to make age look its best.

A GOOD appearance is your best friend; it makes all the difference between shrinking from other people, or facing them with infinite calm.

I watched my own operation, and I record that experience as one of the most memorable afternoons of my life.

I admit that when I went into the theatre I was in a state of complete jitters, because however much one knows about plastic surgery, one never accepts it fearlessly for oneself.

Within a few minutes, my only regret was that I had not turned to it earlier, instead of permitting that drooping lip to make me utterly miserable for so many months.

The world sums us up on our face value. We may not like admitting it, but in our hearts all of us know that is true.

Surely it is only reasonable to give your face the best?

The HOMECOMING

"Who was he?"—three short words destroyed the dreams of ten lonely years

by PHILIPPA LLOYD

WHEN the man awoke, the winter sun was streaming through the windows. For a moment he lay with eyes closed, only conscious of the sun because of the warmth upon his eyelids.

Then he opened his eyes and saw Ilse, his daughter, looking down at him.

"We thought you would like to have breakfast in bed the first day."

He thanked her with a smile that seemed to come with difficulty to his thin face, as though he was not much accustomed to smiling. When she had softly closed the door behind her, he slowly drew himself up. Breakfast in bed, in a light, clean room, with clean linen over him, seemed incongruous.

Last night he had been glad to fall into a deep sleep to escape. He did not know whether the years of waiting and separation had caused it, whether there had been too much anticipation, but when they met they had been stiff and formal, like strangers. He might have realised it would be so after more than ten years.

He took a drink of coffee and broke a roll. Plenty of time to think of it—all the future, he supposed. Now he was home it must come right. They had to be patient with each other—hadn't someone told him that?

Yet he had felt a chill of disappointment at his wife's brief kiss of greeting and because, afterwards, she seemed to keep just far enough away to avoid touching him. Some reason for it came to him more forcibly when he realised that his son and daughter, little more than babies when he last saw them, were now seventeen and fifteen years old.

He was struck by the appalling waste of so much time. Perhaps, as a prisoner, one did not notice time—all days and months seemed alike—and it was incredible now that it could have gone on so long.

He had been in the wrong place when the war ended—too near the Russians. After that, the expression of a few ideas that someone did not like or an inability to conceal your hatred and you were condemned and forgotten.

Then, inexplicably, when hope was worn to a small patch, there had been a change of policy and he had found himself on the way home. He had his breakfast slowly, thinking over the things of the last day—his first day home. Ilse had seemed genuinely excited and pleased to see him, but her mother and brother had been stiff, almost formal. Of course, when he thought of it, he was someone they had scarcely expected even to see again. Those years that had been so monotonously alike to him, what had they been for his family? He had a sense of being outside—Ilse's interest was the only warmth.

He remained in bed for some time, then slowly dressed and washed.

HIS wife was alone; Ilse and Helmut had gone to work. Throughout the morning their eyes never met and conversation was stilted, but though the breaking down was slow, there was a thawing out inside him and something moving out for contact, even affection. Once, as she bent over the table, he put out his hand and almost touched her hair, then carefully withdrew it. It would have embarrassed them both, he thought afterwards. She was not a young girl but a woman in her late thirties and he was forty-three, a grey, middle-aged man. Yet there was still so much to remind him of the woman he had so passionately loved.

While she was out shopping he tried to satisfy his curiosity by thinking of what their life had been while he was away. The ten years were a blank page and unless the pictures were put in, how could there be understanding or contact, or hope of knowing whether their future life was to be a whole?

He knew, suddenly, that that was of first importance, the only answer to the strain and difficulty.

WHEN she came back he turned to her, eager to begin even before she sorted out her shopping. But when he met her eyes and her uncertain half-smile, he knew, with a sense of flatness, that it could not be so.

It was some time later in the morning, when he tried to talk, to penetrate beneath the quiet, polite reserve, that a beginning of knowledge came to him. He had been fondling the dog, a small, shaggy-haired cross-breed. As it licked his hands, he was grateful and picked the animal up in his arms.

"What happened to old Rolf?" he asked then.

His wife looked across at him, watching for a moment, but he was looking at the dog.

"He died—he got old."

"Oh! I suppose so."

As he smiled down at the dog and took hold of its jaw in his hand in a mock attack, she stopped for a moment to stare at him, half-frowning, surprised. As though drawn by an awareness of her gaze, he lifted his head to look at her. It was a long look, before she once more turned away with slightly heightened colour.

"I thought you would be changed out of recognition," she said slowly. "But you haven't changed much."

(*Continued on page* 64)

Illustration by Drake Brookshaw

VENICE

...and oh! those handsome while they glide through the

ACROSS the sparkling water comes the shrill cry, plaintive and hungry as a seagull: *Gondola? Gondola, Signorina?*

Perhaps, if you live in Venice for a long time, the magic wears off. Perhaps there comes a time when you do not suddenly stop in the middle of a sentence to listen. A time when you can go on calmly drinking *café-espresso* or sun-sweet vermouth without a sudden gulp. A time when dreams are left undreamt.

Perhaps. I hope it never happens to me.

The face is tanned and wrinkled like a walnut. You do not notice. The body is clad in a ludicrous sailor suit. You do not see it. He is middle-aged. YOU DO NOT CARE.

For he is a gondolier, with black-lashed eyes filled with the history of a thousand years of love. A thousand years of: *Gondola? Gondola, Signorina?*

This is Giuseppe, representative of the venerable guild of gondoliers, who carries us through the winding canals of Venice.

His slender craft is a relic from the splendour-loving days of the Doges; a shiny black beauty with a high stern decorated with an ornament like a halberd.

In the middle of the boat is a seat just large enough for a pair of very slim lovers. It also serves as pasturage for a herd of Venetian bugs, insects which have as much right to be incorporated in the arms of Venice as the Lion of St. Mark.

Giuseppe's gondola is driven not with petrol, but with chianti—poured from a straw-bound bottle straight into the gondolier.

You wake from an afternoon sleep, as you hear him singing outside your window. Your room is full of dancing reflexes from the water of the canal, an uninterrupted play of light across its walls and ceiling. Come and take a seat in my gondola! We shall go out in the twilight together.

We steer into the Canale Grande, that strange and lovely main thoroughfare which winds through the city, a river-bed with palaces for banks.

At Rialto, that lovely old bridge with soaring arch, Erberion, the vegetable market, suddenly opens out. Here is an orgasm of colour, in which dark grapes and yellow grapes, flesh-coloured peaches, violet figs, green figs, and flame-coloured tomatoes glow against a background of sun-burned marble and pink stucco.

Do you know Venetian art? If you did, you would recognise the stroke of Tiepolo's brush in the swelling thunder-cloud grey cupolas of the basilica, the blue melancholy haze from Tintoretto's palette and the jewel-like gleam of Paul Veronese's stately pictures.

And look at the women gazing down at us as we glide under the bridge! Did you notice that the face of one of the girls glowed with that same mother-of-pearl sheen as Bellini's madonnas?

IN that house Henry III of France was received by Veronica Franco, the courtesan who advertised her expertise in impeccable Latin verse. That is where Lord Byron was captivated by Margherita Cogni.

In that window Richard Wagner sat and listened to the cry of the gondoliers. And got the inspiration for one of the leitmotifs in "Tristan and Isolde."

That is where old Casanova went hunting young adventure and incurred debts of honour in ringing sequins. *Gondola? Gondola, Signorina?*

We put in by a little square in the centre of the city. On the quay sit the gondoliers, drinking red wine from straw-bound *fiasci* and eating *fritto misto*, a golden-brown fried hotch-potch of all the different kinds of small fish, mussels, cuttlefish and other creatures, to be got out in the lagoon.

As the wine sinks in the bottle, song rises. For every gondolier has an expressive tenor voice, with which, during the hours of night, he sings *la belle Venezia*, the ardent song of wine and love—most popular of all Italian indoor sports.

Gondola? Gondola, Signorina?

Gondola, gondolier—and a seat just wide enough for two. What more could a woman want?

gondoliers who sing of wine and love

city of a thousand sunburned palaces

THE YEARS BETWEEN

bring

IN a few weeks—ironically, just before Christmas—the Duke of Windsor will have been an exile for twenty years. That is the equivalent of a life sentence in the courts.

Just on twenty years ago the destroyer H.M.S. *Fury* slipped out of Portsmouth, carrying the Duke to his virtual sentence of transportation. His only remission has been a few brief visits home.

It is time to ask if the sentence in his special case is to be varied to one of "for the rest of his natural life."

A generation has now grown up who, if they have more than the vaguest idea who the Duke of Windsor is, probably regard him as "the King who gave up."

These simple assessments of human behaviour are seldom fair because human emotions do not lend themselves to simple analysis.

This is not a defence of the Duke in a retrial of history. Nor is it a brief for the Royal convention.

Discussion of Royalty often leads to excesses. What would be "a working routine" for anyone else becomes "an unreasonable burden" for the monarch.

The Royal Family is always "good for a story," so the monarch's engagements are solemnly counted : the breaks between ignored. Perhaps it is an excusable excess of loyalty.

But it is necessary to say this so that we may here try to keep things in perspective.

THE monarchy is a constitutional device which works extremely well in this country. The Royal Family do a good job for which they are adequately rewarded. Considered dispassionately, it does not compare too badly with the lot of the common man and woman.

But the monarchy has one great disadvantage so far as the Heir Apparent is concerned. He, or she, has virtually no choice about the future and must, in the ordinary way, carry on the family vocation.

King George V died at five minutes to midnight on Monday, January 20, 1936. And as he breathed his last his eldest son became Edward VIII. "The King is dead. Long live the King!"

We now know this little man as the Duke of Windsor. But most people of middle age still tend to recall him as he was until his father died—the Prince of Wales.

His brief sojourn as the uncrowned King of Britain recedes into the background of events. We are left only with the memory of the political and emotional upheaval caused by his inconveniently

THE WINDSORS HOME

Arthur W. Jacobs tells the full sad story

falling in love with someone who was, officially, the wrong woman.

The Duke has published his version of the events that caused him finally to give up the throne. But probably only a fragment of the population has read it.

Reduced to its simplest outline, this is what happened. He met Mrs. Wallis Simpson (an American) and her husband at a country house party in 1930.

The Prince of Wales was then thirty-six, Mrs. Simpson a year or two younger. She was first married in 1916 to an American army air force officer, Lieutenant Earl Winfield Spencer. She divorced him in 1927. She married Simpson in London in 1928.

The prince continued to meet the Simpsons during the early nineteen thirties. They eventually became part of his circle of close friends.

By 1935 the prince was certainly in love with Mrs. Simpson. By the time he became King the gossips were hard at work. Newspapers abroad were linking their names.

But, as yet, Fleet Street only brooded and gnawed its inky fingers.

As the few months of Edward's reign passed, Britain read of Hitler's troops reoccupying the Rhineland and of the Italian conquest of naked Ethiopia. *But the public were unaware of the love story that was threatening the throne.*

There was no attempt at secrecy so far as Mrs. Simpson's movements were concerned. She was one of a party aboard the King's yacht for a Mediterranean cruise in 1936. Her name appeared in the Court Circular published in the daily press. But it meant nothing to the ordinary people without editorial comment and explanation.

Speculation increased abroad when news of a divorce petition by Mrs. Simpson leaked out.

The case was to be heard at Ipswich on October 27, 1936.

OUT of friendship and concern for the King's predicament, Lord Beaverbrook and Esmond Harmsworth (now Lord Rothermere), the dominant newspaper owners of Fleet Street, agreed to the King's request to report the divorce proceedings without sensation. So did the other owners and editors.

Mrs. Simpson was granted a decree nisi on October 27, 1936. At that time it meant she could not remarry for six months, when the decree became absolute.

A factual press report of the hearing made no impact on the British public.

But the comings and goings that were soon to enthral a gaping world had already begun. Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin called on the King. He tried, to persuade him to ask Mrs. Simpson to give up divorce proceedings.

The new King opened parliament for the first time on November 3. For the next few days Baldwin no doubt considered what to do.

The next move came on November 13. The King's private secretary, who is the monarch's link with the government, wrote Edward a letter disclosing that the press silence on Mrs. Simpson would probably end in a few days; that the government might resign and there was no hope of forming a new one. He recommended that Mrs. Simpson leave the country immediately.

It seems obvious that the letter was inspired by Baldwin.

Edward's reaction was immediate. He says in his memoirs: "If the real intention was to try to induce me to give Wallis up by pointing at my head this big pistol of the government's threatened resignation, they had clearly misjudged their man. I was obviously in love. They had struck at the very roots of my pride. Only the most faint-hearted would have remained unaroused by such a challenge."

THE King steps down from the throne here and, stripped of custom and regalia, appears as the ordinary human being that is sometimes lost to sight behind the Royal façade.

November 16, 1936—Buckingham Palace. The King summons Baldwin, who comes into the open. He admits the Cabinet is dismayed at the thought of the King marrying a woman who had been through the divorce court.

Although, in fact, there could be no real crisis for some months, since Mrs. Simpson was bound by the decree, the government seemed determined to have it out now.

Baldwin's attitude was that there could be no compromise on the question of marriage. The King's wife would *have* to be Queen and Mrs. Simpson could *not* be Queen.

Tense, worrying days passed for those who knew the situation.

Baldwin saw the King, the Cabinet consulted the Dominions governments, Mrs. Simpson began to get anonymous letters. Still the British press was silent.

December 1, 1936. The Bishop of Bradford speaks and criticizes the King in a veiled way. The provincial press printed it. Fleet Street gathered itself.

December 4, 1936. The real press outcry for and against the King begins.

(Continued overleaf)

VENICE—TOGETHER

NEW YORK—TOGETHER

MUNICH—TOGETHER

PARIS—TOGETHER

LONDON—ALONE

December 11: the Abdication document is signed

December 12: the duke broadcasts to his people . . .

Going, going, gone—history in

(*Continued from previous page*)

For the next six days the abdication crisis held the world's headlines.

Mrs. Simpson was whisked to the Continent by night.

Mr. Churchill was howled down in the Commons as he rose to defend the King, although the end was in sight.

The negotiations, the intrigues, the emotional appeals came to an end on December 11, when the King signed the Abdication documents.

The next night he broadcast to the nation—and left.

It is worth recalling what Mr. Churchill murmured as he took his leave of the King:

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene.

The lines are by the Yorkshire poet, Andrew Marvell, on the execution of Charles I.

Worth recalling, too, is the Duke of Windsor's assertion that throughout the crisis Mrs. Simpson tried to dissuade him from taking the irrevocable step of abdication; was ready to give him up.

There is no reason to disbelieve him, or to doubt that Mrs. Simpson was not at the last overawed by the magnitude of their dilemma.

The King would not provoke a political crisis by defying Baldwin or playing for time. He declined to support or encourage a King's Party that might have split public opinion.

He did the best for his country within the limits set for him by his emotions.

He is now a man virtually with nothing to do. Yet he was trained for the conventionally busy kind of Royal life with which everyone is familiar today.

He served his apprenticeship for the crown in a Britain of disillusion, discontent, unemployment and the last great extremes of poverty and plenty.

He watched the bitter seeds of class enmity being sown. The harrow of war cleared the ground, but the weed remains.

He watched, as seemingly helpless as the politicians. And he was reluctant to remain a neutral observer.

BEFORE THE CRISIS: A PRINCELY SMILE

In Welsh Guards uniform before the trouble began

PERHAPS he never could have been a good king—in the constitutional sense of being able to leave everything to the politicians.

Perhaps he realized subconsciously that he was not the man for the job. Each of us has our secret self, to whom we acknowledge thoughts we can share with no one else.

Kings and queens may need this innermost retreat more than most of us.

However that may be, the fact is that Edward VIII found he could not "with full heart carry out my duties in the loneliness that surrounds me."

For twenty years he has had the companionship of his wife. The loneliness of a man without a country persists.

Winston Churchill appointed him governor of the Bahamas in 1940.

Since that appointment ended in 1945, nothing else has been offered him.

The Windsors have divided their time since then between the south of France, Paris and New York. Pleasant enough? Piteous.

Every year since the war the duke has come home for a fleeting visit. It used to be to see his mother.

In 1952 it was to march in that stupefying public display of private grief—a king's funeral.

A year later he came back—to bury his mother.

Another year passes and he is saying:

. . . and drives away with Walter Monckton

June 3: they are married in France

three photos

WEDDING WITHOUT A SMILE ▶

"When I left sixteen years ago I said I was always available. I still am."

But, so far as anyone knows, there has been no move to make use of him, or to invite him to make his home in England.

Why not? Stanley Baldwin, the prime minister who precipitated the abdication crisis, is long dead.

King George VI who so successfully wore the crown his brother discarded, is dead. So is Dr. Lang, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

There can no longer be the slightest suggestion that the presence of the Windsors here would embarrass the Throne.

The difficulty, although no one would admit it officially, is the Duchess of Windsor.

It is difficult to know what to make of a system that permits the innocent party in a divorce to be presented at Court, but won't let them in at a horse race.

The Duchess of Windsor was presented to King George V and Queen Mary in 1931. But she was then only the wife of the well-connected Ernest Simpson. There could be no hint of events to come.

But divorce, if it has not yet become entirely respectable, has at least become familiar by long usage.

WHAT is the position of the Duchess of Windsor today? She is the wife of an English duke. In common with quite a lot of peers, peeresses, princes, politicians, she has been married more than once and she asked the courts for a divorce.

Is it the Queen, the Duke of Windsor's niece, who still finds her uncle's wife unacceptable? NO. Queen Elizabeth II is a young woman, strictly of the twentieth century, in whom this kind of bigotry is not likely.

Is it then the government, who advises the monarch what to do in matters of public concern? If it is the government then we, the people, are in a position to do something about it.

At the time of the Abdication, Prime Minister Baldwin consulted the Dominion governments on their attitude. Let the government consult them on whether the duke and his wife should be welcomed to make their home in England.

Let Members of Parliament make their own position clear in this matter. If it came to anything so undignified as a debate on the duke's future it is surely something that might be left to member's consciences, of which we hear so much. Let us, if it comes to it, have a free vote.

It is surprising that one of the newspapers, who never lack questions to ask the public, has not taken up this question of the Windsors' future.

IF the Windsors came home to stay they would take their place as unostentatiously as the press allowed, in whatever public life was offered to them.

In a very short time the fuss would be over. They would be accepted for what they are; an ageing member of the Royal Family and his wife.

How long must their unheroic odyssey continue?

This constant moving about the world was bearable—for the world—while the Windsors were young enough to carry with them that air of high romance.

Twenty years ago the duke was still the youthful-looking prince become king. As the years have passed so the cameramen have been pushed farther back.

Despite the unageing images that the receding cameras preserve, we are considering here a couple whom soon it will not be an affront to call elderly.

The Duke is sixty-two. He may live twenty years, or more. Long may he live. But he may die next week. What then?

Are we to get out the crepe? Will the newspapers that led the pack against him in 1936 *then join in the sanctimonious chorus to bring him home to rest?* To rest? Let's bring him home to live. Spare the world our hypocrisy.

And what is so impossible about his wife? For those who prize such things, she has been presented at Court. It is extremely unlikely that she would behave in any way different from a home-produced duchess. Let her now come home with her husband.

It needs only an official nod : some small sign from the Palace. Society—if anyone cares—would soon take the hint.

IF an adult, unemotional view is taken of the Windsors and their part in yesterday's history, it comes to this: their romance became a serious embarrassment to this country.

It so happened that King George VI was ready and willing to take up the duty his brother laid down. He became a model of constitutional monarchy. His daughter carries on the tradition.

We, the people, have not suffered.

At the last, the Abdication was carried through with dignity. It was less dignified for the duke to publish his memoirs. No doubt he was hard up. He was certainly out of work.

The worst that can be said of the Duke of Windsor is that he was not big enough for his duty. *Is he then big enough for our everlasting vengeance?*

KATIE DOESN'T

Some very plain speaking about a very plain speaker

While the weary publicity men are waiting for her to mellow with the years . . .

SHE **says "leave me alone" so often, people sometimes do**

SHE **ignores the critics, takes swings at photographers**

SHE **is explosive, outspoken —and *so* misunderstood**

KATIE DISARMED

KATIE DISARMING

GENERATIONS of film publicity men have grown old before their time trying to turn vinegar Kate Hepburn into something palatable off-screen for the two and ninepennies. They're still at it.

Miss Hepburn, a sort of second feature Greta Garbo, has specialized in Garbo's cast-off "leave me alone" act for so long now that, to her annoyance, people sometimes do.

She was born in 1908. Her father was Dr. Thomas Norvel Hepburn, a leading surgeon in Boston.

The publicity men tell us, for a reason that is not immediately clear, that Miss Hepburn's mother was a suffragette and "a spirited advocate of birth control."

Further, we learn that her family did not oppose her going on the stage. In fact, they helped her pack her box and wished her well. ("Goodbye, dear, *GOOD*-bye. . . . Phew!")

She hit Hollywood in 1932 and became a star with her first picture *A Bill Of Divorcement*.

In this she played the late John Barrymore's daughter. Mr. Barrymore, who did not believe in such uninteresting relationships, tried to seduce her in his dressing-room.

Miss Hepburn retreated doorwards, saying with feeling, "There must be some mistake." Mr. Barrymore agreed and opened the door. Thereafter they were just good friends.

The boys in the back room were happy. They could write blurbs calling her "different," "new," "intriguing."

She won an Oscar for *Morning Glory* in 1933. She also separated from her husband, a Mr. Ludlow Ogden Smith.

She flopped after five pictures.

Newspapermen had noticed a certain lack of co-operation in this "new and exciting" star. Like taking swings at photographers; saying "no interviews. I want to be alone." And, "Yes, I have five children—all coloured." Like rushing headlong from stage doors to waiting limousines.

THE boys in the back room countered with: "In a city where frankness and outspokenness is not exactly a common thing, explosive Katharine Hepburn has made it a rule. As a result, the plain-spoken actress has been and still is often misunderstood."

Miss Hepburn went back to Broadway for a year or two and then returned to Hollywood, where she made a film that wasn't bad. But there was no queue to sign her up for more.

So she went back to the stage. She made a hit in *Philadelphia Story* in New York, and by 1940 was back in Hollywood to do the screen version. This time it was a real comeback.

The boys felt safe in saying: "She discusses every line of her dialogue with the screen writers and studies the mysteries

CARE!

KATIE SCREAMING?

KATIE SCHEMING?

of camera angles, lighting and film cutting with an eagerness that impresses the experts."

Miss Hepburn has told these stories against herself. She thought she might be too sweet for a rôle in *Woman Of The Year* in 1941. The film director, George Stevens reassured her with : "Katie, you get out there and be as sweet as you can be. You'll still be plenty nasty."

Her co-star in this picture was Spencer Tracy—tough, but not over-tall.

She greeted him with : "I'm afraid I'm too tall for you, Mr. Tracy."

Replied Tracy : "Don't worry Miss Hepburn. I'll cut you down to my size."

SHE has made twenty-odd films in as many years. Says she never reads criticism of herself. You could believe that too—if she hadn't thrown a critic out of her dressing room in 1952 because of his acid notice.

Despite some pathetically hopeful write-ups by film columnists, suggesting that she has mellowed with the years, she is still difficult.

There was trouble at Pinewood this year when she was co-starring with Bob Hope. She didn't like his hat. There was quite a scene. Then she saw some "disgusting magazine photographers."

Mr. Hope was eventually moved to warn her : "If you don't behave I'll put it around that you're Audrey Hepburn's father."

Illustrations

by

Irene Bennett

THE FLOODS OF FEAR

BEGINNING A

BRILLIANT NOVEL

BY JOHN AND

WARD HAWKINS

These two were alone in a world of water—young Elizabeth Matthews and Bruce Donavan, the murderer. Without him the girl would drown. But Donavan had a man to kill . . . and his time was running out

SPRING had been late this year. In February and March, rain drenched the coastal lands of the Northwest, but static cold held the high country locked in a frozen grip. Snow-survey crews had worked through the Winter, measuring the depth of snowfall in the mountains at the head waters of the Charles River, the Black Fork, the Elk and the Clear Water.

"Above average," the reports had read. "Heaviest in years."

By mid-May what had been probable was now a certainty. Flood! Now the word was everywhere: newspaper headlines, radio and TV.

Greenfield, at the foot of the mountains, the inland terminus of navigable water, was the first city to feel the brunt of it. Houseboats and boathouses and pleasure craft were torn from their moorings. The pavement of the main street was under water and the end was not in sight.

Downstream, all along the big river, the machinery of state and local government was moving now, crash priority. Evacuation of low-lying areas was begun, with the help of army personnel and vehicles. Construction crews with trucks and power shovels and bulldozers moved in to strengthen the dykes that might be held. Labour gangs were recruited on the streets of all the river towns and cities—anyone and everyone who could use a shovel or carry a sandbag.

THERE weren't enough men available to do the work that had to be done. There weren't enough police to man the roadblocks, direct traffic and prevent looting. There weren't enough men, though jails were opened, and the most dependable prisoners thrown into the fight.

Every hour was important. Finally, prison officials asked for volunteers from the hard-labour prisoners.

These were shock troops. Expendable, though the word was never used. The incorrigibles and those who had attempted escape were screened from the volunteers. Those remaining were told off in twelve-man crews, an armed guard to each.

Tom Sharkey's crew worked in a driving rain. Twelve men wearing grey prison denim, so mud-smeared that the numbers on their shirts could not be read.

They were a fair cross-section of the population of the prison—a forger, car thieves, burglars, a safe man, a molester, a man who'd specialized in armed robbery, and a convicted murderer serving a life sentence. They filled and placed sandbags, watched by the silent Sharkey, who wore a heavy mac and rubber boots and carried a rifle in the crook of his arm.

All morning the highway had been clogged—a parade of police and army vehicles, private trucks and cars. After lunch, only the dump trucks were moving on the roads down there, scooting across the bottom land, bringing sand and sacks to the men who fought the river.

"Y'notice," said Shorty Kniss, forger, "they ain't in much hurry to get here, but they're hell for gettin' back."

"Less talk," Tom Sharkey said. "More work."

THE day wore on. The twelve convicts filled and wired and placed the sacks, moving heavily, on the river face of the dyke. At dusk, a truck appeared with a generator in tow. A mechanic climbed out to show Tom Sharkey how to start the motor and switch on the floodlight.

"We'll need food and drinking water," Sharkey said. The mechanic said: "I'll pass the word along."

Darkness came. Tom Sharkey stood in the shadow beside the generator, watching and counting the tired men. "Truck coming!" someone yelled. The bag filler, the wire-and-lift team moved out of the dump area into the full glare of the floodlight where they would stand until the truck had gone. Tom Sharkey's thumb found the safety button above the rifle's trigger. In eighteen years of service he had never lost a prisoner; he didn't intend to lose one now. The truck howled backwards out of the night, hoist squealing.

"Ask him!" Kniss yelled. "Where's the food?"

"It'll be here," Sharkey said. "This truck or next."

"Don't count on it," a deep voice said.

This was Bruce Donavan, the murderer. He was standing a little apart from the others, hands loose at his sides. He was a tall man, big of shoulders, deep of chest.

His hands and feet were big. His face was brown, dirty now. He had a short, straight nose, brown eyes, a stubborn jaw. His muddy rag of shirt was open upon a hairless chest. His pants were rolled to the knee, his feet were bare.

"Donavan," Sharkey said, "where're your shoes?"

"I took them off."

"So I see," Sharkey said. "Why?"

"I swim better that way."

"Don't try a dive. I'm a good shot."

"I won't have to dive."

"Still comin' up, eh? How fast?"

"Two inches an hour. Maybe three."

"It'll level off."

"No," Donavan said evenly. "It's time we left. It was time to leave three hours ago." "We can't fill enough sandbags to do any good."

"How do you know so much?"

"I used to build dykes on this river," Donavan said, "and docks and wing dams and ferry slips. We can't save this one—the army couldn't save it now. If you want to get these men back inside the walls alive, you'd better put them aboard the next truck out."

"That'll do!" Sharkey said. "That's enough!"

THE murderer turned on his heel. Peebles, the lean, tough thief who'd specialized in attack from behind, caught at Donavan's arm. Donavan brushed his hand away and bent to take a sandbag.

"Hey!" Peebles said. "Hey, Donavan! What you said. . . ." Peebles pushed his mud-smeared glasses up on his forehead. "What you told the warder, were you on the level? Were you givin' it to him straight?"

"Yes," Donavan said.

"The dyke's goin' to go, huh? Kaput?"

"Yes," Donavan said.

"Great grief!" The words came at the end of Peebles's breath. He turned to look back into the blue-white eye of the big floodlight. "He ain't goin' to take us out o' here—not without orders' n' help, he ain't. He'll keep us here till he's got another gun an' a motor-cycle escort." He wiped his hands on his shirt. "What're we goin' to do?"

"I'm staying. Do whatever you like."

(Continued overleaf)

THE FLOODS OF FEAR

(Continued from previous page)

Donavan laughed—

Out in the dark beyond the reach of their light, much of the flat land to the south and west already lay submerged, and in many places the water had covered the north-south highway. There were cars stalled along the highway, most of them abandoned.

A few were still in their cars. Elizabeth Matthews and Carl Corbin were two of these. Her parents and a brother and sister lived not far from the town of Biddleford. When she'd heard news reports saying the town of Biddleford was in danger she'd wanted immediately —and senselessly, she knew now—to be with her parents.

Carl Corbin, nineteen, an undergraduate and a family friend, had agreed to drive her home. They'd come this far, to this depression in the road. Their car headlights showed them a sheet of still water covering the road. They had no way of knowing its width or depth.

"I'm afraid of it," Elizabeth said. She scrubbed mist from the windshield and peered past the beating windshield wipers. "In this ink, I can't tell if it's a puddle or a lake. Hadn't we better turn back?"

CARL'S young face was twisted in hard thought. He tried to keep his own fear out of his voice. "We can't be far from Lebanon," he said. "If we can get there, we're safe. And even if we get stuck here, I can hike on in and get a tow."

He put the car in low gear and eased it forward into the water. His young face was white and strained. Elizabeth's hands were clenched in aching fists.

"Carl, it's getting deeper!"

"You're telling me!"

He knew now the clear road he'd seen had been imagined. He was committed, and he was too young to change his mind quickly or willingly. They went on, five yards, ten. Frightened, Carl shifted into second. The engine stuttered and coughed and died.

Carl stared through the windshield. "I goofed." He opened the door. "Looks like I go wading."

"Wading where?"

"Down the road. Lebanon can't be too far, but there should be help closer than that. A farmer with a lorry or something. You'll be all right here."

"Can't I go with you?"

Carl got out of the car. The water was knee-deep. "In this?" he asked. He buttoned his coat against the rain. "Don't be silly. I'll get wet enough for both of us."

"Don't be gone long."

"Ten minutes," he said. "That's a promise. I'll find somebody or I'll come back for you. And look—turn the lights on now and then and toot the horn. I don't want to lose you."

He closed the door and waded away. When he was beyond the reach of the lights, Elizabeth turned them off. She waited a few moments, then pulled the switch to turn them on again. They did not come on. And the horn was dead. Presently the rising water was covering the floor inside the car. Carl did not come back in ten minutes or in fifteen minutes. And not in a half hour.

The rising water drove Elizabeth out of the car. She climbed to the bonnet, then

to the top. Standing in the darkness and the rain, shivering with the cold that soaked through her belted raincoat, she was a very frightened girl. Every moment or two she sent a wailing cry through the night.

☆ ☆ ☆

Tom Sharkey stood beside the roaring generator, the rifle in his hands. He counted convicts, checking names against the roster in his mind.

The packers, who carried the filled bags, were the men to watch. Sharkey had deliberately given them the hardest work; tired men don't have the strength to run. Peebles was the worst of the lot. He'd gone the route—knife and gun and club. He wouldn't charge the rifle, but he'd be happy to come from behind with shovel, boots and fists, while someone else was getting shot.

The intervals between trucks were longer now; they came, dumped their loads of sand and ran, gears howling, down the dyke and away. They brought no food. Worse, they brought no promise of relief.

"We're at the bottom of the list," Peebles said. "They're tryin' to save everybody they can—all the good people. Who cares about convicts?"

"If it's us," Doc Barr said, "or a like number of old folks, women and kids, let it be us. And I say it's a good swap.... What d'you say, Donavan?"

Donavan said, "I say you're right."

"Keep moving!" Tom Sharkey said.

As long as they were here, they would do a job. They kept moving, but panic and exhaustion had slowed some of them. Half the packers were stumbling. Doc Barr fell again, and this time he could not get up until Donavan helped him to his feet. Donavan was naked to the waist. He'd shed his shirt and somehow ripped the legs of his trousers off, halfway between belt and knee.

"Donavan!" Sharkey said. "How long've we got? When——"

Donavan said, "We've run out of time."

A TRUCK backed into the dump area, wildly spilling sand. The driver's face was white, his foot heavy on the throttle. And a new sound was on the wind, not loud, but rising steadily. Someone in the dump area yelled, "She's gone! Look inside!" Donavan saw water pouring into the lighted area, a roaring wall of water, fast lifting the inside level towards the river level. Gears clashed and the truck lurched away and the headlights found a muddy torrent pouring across the dyke. The truck engine howled, the headlights swung and tipped and vanished utterly.

Now the dyke beneath Donavan's feet shook and settled, and water poured down the length of it. He heard screams and saw men, arms flailing desperately, stumble and fall and disappear under the water. He could not help them. He was still on his feet, but the shove of the current was hard against his hips, boiling up, building up against his back, sucking away below his legs.

Peebles's wild yelling was shrill and thin, "Hang on to me! Give me a hand! I can't——"

Peebles's hands clawed at Donavan's wet and naked back. Donavan's arm went out to offer support. The current drove Peebles hard against Donavan, rolled him down the length of Donavan's arm. Donavan's reaching hand found only naked flesh and nothing to grip. Peebles went under water, then emerged downstream, paddling furiously, riding high.

Again the earth was cut from beneath Donavan. Now there were no inside and outside water levels; the two levels had met, becoming one, and the dyke was slowly melting under it. Donavan staggered, but found new footing, bare feet braced against the coarse sacking of the sandbags. The water boiled over his shoulders. He turned to put the plane of his chest against the stream. There had been no one left on the melting dyke downstream. Now, with the light he had, he could see only Tom Sharkey above.

THE guard had managed what the others could not because the bulk of the generator was breaking the full strength of the current, giving him a boiling eddy to stand in, an anchor to cling to. His rifle was gone. He'd stripped off his raincoat and shirt, and he'd shed his boots. He was ready. The generator settled, tipping the light to a crazy slant, and Sharkey gave himself to the river, splashing out into it in the clumsy way of a man who can swim only a little. He passed beyond Donavan's reach. There was no cry from him, no show of fear.

Now Donavan was alone. He stayed on, his leg muscles corded and hard with the strain, the water boiling up from his chest, drenching his face. He was not going to escape. Donavan, the murderer, was going to stay where the guard had left him until he was overpowered by the river. The generator gave way at last. The light wheeled across the rain-laced darkness, the motor roared and died and the light was gone. Donavan's feet began to slide. He had time to face downstream to fill his lungs. He had to go, and he went as any man would go towards freedom. He dived with a powerful thrust that carried him very deep into the river and very far.

He was free! That was the thing that mattered. Downstream, perhaps a hundred miles, was the town of West Mills. He'd lived and worked there. And he'd been tried for murder there, found guilty and sentenced to prison. Since the day they'd taken him from West Mills, handcuffed and shackled, he'd wanted no other thing than to go back.

And now he was going back. The river had done for him what he'd refused to do for himself; it had freed him from prison.

Who could say that Donavan had not died in the flood? And who could say, after the flood had gone, that Donavan did not lie buried in the muck and silt, along with a hundred others.

All he had to do was manage the business in West Mills carefully, and, after it, walk carefully through the confusion and out of the confusion to a distant place, a new identity and a free life.

But the business in West Mills and whatever was to happen beyond West Mills were things he could not hurry. The way was clear, the means would come to hand at the proper time. Now he could put them aside. He could enjoy these first, the sweetest, moments of freedom to the very fullest.

Donavan, the murderer, was free!

And he laughed at that, full-throated laughter he hadn't known in years. A free man!

Of the other convicts, only Peebles was still alive. Peebles would not give up, he would not die. And his endless fighting paid off for him. In time, an uprooted tree came to his hands. He fastened to it like a half-drowned cat.

Riding the tree, exuberance came to him too. He knew he would live now. And he was free. A man with a gun, a knife or even a club and the know-how to use it couldn't help but score big. Houses would stand vacant. Whole towns would be empty. And almost all those he met would be carrying what they could of their valuables. It would all be free—free because the flood would cover whatever he had to do to take it.

Tom Sharkey, the guard,was still alive. A far different man than Peebles, he had much the same inflexible will to stay alive.

But there was nothing like exuberance in him. There was only a grim determination to stay alive somehow. To stay alive, because Tom Sharkey, the guard who'd never lost a man, had lost twelve men at one stroke. Some of the twelve had died, he knew. But if he lived, some of the twelve would live with him. And those who lived had to go—would go—back to prison.

The currents carried Donavan away from the normal channel of the river. In this darkness, one way was as good as another, so long as the general direction was towards the south.

HE came upon the north-south highway in a little while. His first hint of it was when he felt the gravelled shoulder beneath his feet. He waded to the pavement and found the water flowing there only a little more than knee deep. He was resting there when he heard Elizabeth Matthews's call.

The sound was faint in the drumming rain, dreary and forlorn, as any imitation of a foghorn must be, but unmistakably human and female. Donavan did not go towards the sound at once. He couldn't bring himself to.

Whoever was calling would need help; he swore at that. He hadn't time to help anyone. He couldn't safely help anyone. Worse—this was a bitter discovery to him—he had no desire to help. Why should he help one of the people who had kept him caged the past six years? Why should he help anyone at all?

He fought with himself and lost. He waded on, his anger and his disappointment an ugly taste in his mouth. When he was near enough, he called, "Hallo—hallo there!"

Elizabeth answered at once, "Hallo! Hallo!" There was doubt in her voice, fear that her ears had tricked her.

He called again, and Elizabeth knew a gladness and a relief that made her almost senseless. "Yes—yes, I'm here! Oh, thank God! Help me, help me! I'd given up hope! I——"

(Continued on page 57)

◀Tom and Margaret Ball—a brief respite, then back to work. They now plan to redecorate their hall and kitchen

The LIVING IN BRITAIN series finds a small house with big ideas in the concrete country of suburban London. Once one-in-a-row, it is now one-in-a-million

Photographs by: DAVID HOUSDEN

the BALL experiment

TOM and Margaret Ball bought their 1913-built terrace house in Croydon just over a year ago. Today it still looks like its neighbours—from the outside. But inside it is dramatically different.

When they bought the house it had one room at the front, another at the back. Both were heavily corniced and decorated in "cream paint and porridge paper." Both opened off a hall leading to the kitchen.

But Mr. and Mrs. Ball (they describe themselves as "an architect and a half") wanted a 1956 open-plan in their forty-three year old house.

So DOWN came the dividing wall between the two rooms (this was a job for the builder). And DOWN came the cornice (chipped away piece by piece by the owners).

OUT came the old tiled fireplaces, OUT came the old dining-room door. All three openings were bricked up by the builder.

Favourite magazine photographs enliven the back of the room-divider, a long, low sideboard. The pictures were glued on, then given a coat of clear varnish. The sideboard serves as a cocktail cabinet

Two rooms into one. Sofono Sunray stove stands against a panel of yellow, grey and white Purbeck tiles. Fitted carpet is mustard; paintwork white

To support the upper floor the builder put a brick pier each side of the room where the wall used to be, with a steel beam between them.

When the builders moved out leaving a room 33 ft. by 14 ft., Mr. and Mrs. Ball moved in, with armfuls of paint tins and rolls of wallpaper—and a host of interesting ideas. The dining-recess chimney breast was disguised with a panel of pictorial wallpaper in green, gold and white. Red paper in the recesses on each side serves as an excellent foil for the bold pattern.

The sitting-area ceiling was cut to take ten recessed ceiling lights. Tom made them—from dried-milk tins. Over the dining table went a false ceiling of hardboard to lower the height of the room at that end.

The two areas are divided by a long sideboard, which serves as a cocktail and china container. The back is decorated with favourite magazine photographs, stuck on and then varnished.

Although they have architectural qualifications Mr. and Mrs. Ball are quick to stress that they are *not* craftsmen.

And the complete cost? The builder's bill was £90. Then they spent another £90. So for £180 this rather undistinguished house has leaped into life.

Next job is to add built-in fitments within the ebonized beech frame along the fireplace wall—a bureau, bookshelves, record-player and a sewing machine.

Sliding plate-glass doors were fitted to the dining hatch so that Mrs. Ball will be able to keep an eye on the children when she is working in the kitchen ▶

Photographs by Ronald Rietti

DANY'S ANIMAL FARM

The old chateau was a ruin in a 50-acre wilderness. For Dany Robin, the* French Can Can *girl, it became an escape from the jungle of film making . . .

GUARDED by thirteen dogs, and with a staff of ten to care for six hundred animals, the Château Montfort la Maury, some thirty miles south of Paris, is a home based on one magnificent gesture of self-indulgence.

Discovered in 1950 by the French film star Dany Robin and her actor husband, Georges Marchal, it was a ruin set in fifty acres of wilderness.

"A château must be romantic, old and easy to modernize," said Dany when she bought it.

With memories of a childhood story book in which the castles were "at once dark and light, and surrounded by gentle, fawn-like creatures," she wanted the outside of the house restored to its past glory. She also drew up plans for the interior to include twenty-five centrally heated rooms, and seven bathrooms.

Each room had to show, without eccentricity, a different mood or facet of château life as Dany saw it, and she scoured France for suitable and "authentic" materials with which to build and decorate her home.

At one film studio, she discovered a storeroom cluttered with gilt panelling, which she bought, stripped down to its natural walnut, and kept in readiness for the sombre warmth of her main salon. A light, panoramic sweep of the French countryside, in the shape of a nineteenth-century wallpaper, was unearthed at Lyons. Mlle Robin set it aside for the dining-room.

The cocktail bar was to be panelled in

For the wild boar, a Dior dress in shades of red because—"he likes to see me wear it." Left—is the desert fox become a family friend

◀ Deer in the dining-room—and chameleons in the corridors

"chintz" glass, a fine, magical mosaic that would throw back light, colour and movement, without reflecting a direct image.

Her husband supervised the building, and within a year Dany, Georges, their baby daughter Frederick, and Calene the gazelle, moved into the Perfect Château. "We closed our gates to the world of films and fashion, and opened the grounds to the birds and the beasts."

Her friends were soon making pilgrimages to Montfort, with gifts of birds and animals.

When the press reported, inaccurately, that Dany Robin was starting a "zoo," the situation became difficult, and finally, impossible.

Hundreds of letters arrived from animal lovers asking her to look after their pets; visitors came, uninvited, to the château. And of them all, only one—a man waiting to go abroad—persuaded Dany to accept his pet. Françoise was a small monkey, and one of the few animals she had no wish to own.

"They are sad creatures," she explains.

But the owner with tears in his eyes, assured the susceptible Dany that François was sweet and affectionate—and omitted to say that he was also a woman hater. He screamed whenever a woman entered the room, attacked the parlourmaid, and refused to eat food served by a woman.

IN spite of this uncompromising attitude, Dany insisted on caring for him; she left fruit, nuts and honey in strategic positions and played dance music, for which he had a weakness. Within a month he dined with her, slept at the foot of her bed, and accompanied her to the studios. He even played in one of her films—until he threw a soufflé in the director's face.

But when her son Robin was born last year, François became savage with jealousy. Reluctantly, she had to get rid of the one and only sad pet.

Unlike a conventional film star mansion, the Château Montfort has more in common with the strange castle in Jean Cocteau's film *La Belle et la Bête*. But here, the gloom has dispersed.

The corridors are lighted with gay, old-fashioned street lamps instead of flickering candles, and (*Continued on page* 34)

For the cattle, a nightly visit. For riding, couturier-designed habits

MORE PICTURES

In the bedrooms, a new design for beds in canopied alcoves—Dany's "Colonial" style

In the dining-room, nineteenth-century wall-paper. In the salon, panelling from a film studio

"A chateau must be old and romantic . . . and easy to modernize"

there is nothing more fearsome to be encountered in the hallways than Calene, or Goupil the desert fox, and a handful of chameleons.

Although the number of animals at Montfort is growing, the collection is still too haphazard and personal to be called a "zoo." They represent simply an accumulation of creatures that Dany Robin has found and befriended during her many travels.

When she flew home from Morocco with a sand fox, a grouse, and four chameleons, she had to keep peace among the animals and the passengers who objected to pets.

On another flight home, an African porcupine ate his way out of a substantial wicker basket and played hide-and-seek.

One of her favourites is Massaoud, a wild boar. She rescued him from a trap in the forest five years ago, set his broken leg, and nursed him back to health.

"I am the only one he will speak to," she says, proudly.

AT one time Dany had nine boars. They sense approaching danger, and one evening, three hours before the roof of their sty caved in, they took fright and ran away. But Massaoud and his wife, Gertrude, waited for Dany beneath a nearby chestnut tree.

Fair-haired, and dazzlingly blue-eyed, twenty-six year old Dany Robin is a mixture of gentleness, sophistication, and impish gaiety. A proud wife, and a wise mother, she keeps her children away from the public eye, sees that Frederick has other children to play with in the château, and encourages them all to make friends with the animals.

This year, she presented baby Robin with a lamb; her husband, who is film-making in South America, had a tank of Mexican fish flown over for Frederick—"They multiply so quickly, we now have six large aquariums!"

A chef was installed to supervise the electric spits—and a snuffer to watch the dining-room candles

The Château Montfort and all its ramifications is, in part, the outcome of a childhood spent on the fringes of poverty.

"I longed always for self-sufficiency," says Mlle Robin. "It is good, now, to close the gates of our château with something more than empty theatrical gestures."

In addition to her "non-productive" pets she has six cows, two thousand hens, a piggery, and extensive market gardens.

The key to this essentially private paradise is discipline and hard work. Although the bulk of foodstuffs are grown on the premises and handled by an expert staff, it is Dany Robin's self-appointed job to deal with all the special diets.

For Calene, she will prepare a mixture of salad, rice and sugar; for Goupil, some date cakes. At the moment, her studio lunch hour is taken up in a search for live bait for the Mexican fish. The most difficult creatures to feed are the chameleons, who nest between the ears of a mounted boar's head in the salon. With the help of friends, she finds an adequate supply of flies and tasty insects.

MLLE ROBIN also nurses the sick animals herself. When Calene had pneumonia, she raced home from the studio each day to give him ultra-violet ray treatment, and coax him to swallow his medicine and vitamin tablets.

When the early difficulties of organizing and running a large estate had been mastered, Monsieur and Madame Marchal decided to split the work of extending and improving the château.

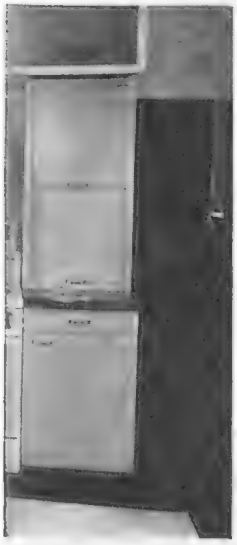
Georges began terracing the spacious lawns and plotting new drives.

Dany concentrated on the interior. Having established an ex-*maitre d'hotel* chef in the kitchen to supervise the electric spits, and a "snuffer" to watch over the dining-room candles, she started improving on her original ideas.

She lifted hunting trophies out of the decorative "dowdies" by mounting them in a brilliant "Scotch" corridor of yellow and black; she "rescued" the panelled salon from a rather cheerless fate by painting the ceiling red, and using soft furnishings of turquoise and rose velvet. She has just completed a "celestial" bathroom, with cloud-like decorations on the walls, sky-blue fittings, and a cosmic ceiling.

"I should be happy to spend the rest of my life in Montfort," she says.

Which pair to choose? At Montfort it doesn't matter. Fashion belongs to the film world outside. "Here I am not interested in clothes. For my job, it is different"



Time to relax in the playroom or—in the cocktail bar panelled in chintz glass—is rare. There are six hundred animals to be cared for at the château

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SAILING ON A SHOESTRING

"Build-yourself" boats and low mooring costs bring yachting within the reach of thousands

by JOHN FRAYN TURNER

LITTLE boats are becoming big business. A few years ago "Taking the yacht to Yarmouth" would have sounded pretentious. Today more and more men and women are finding that you do not need to be in the Docker class to get fun out of sailing.

And you find more of them at Yarmouth than anywhere else. Why?—because this Isle of Wight town has no time for the sailing snob.

Cowes? Fine for sailing—if you belong to the Royal Yacht Squadron. But you have to wait until you are invited. And when you recall the trouble Sir Thomas Lipton had. . . .

And Bembridge? A yachtsman sailing round the Island got into a bit of difficulty off Bembridge and decided to put in there overnight. He sailed in and tried to tie up. But before he had secured the knot a white-capped official came rushing alongside calling "Are you aware that you're trespassing?" That was enough for the yachtsman. He set sail again and has never been to Bembridge since!

What a difference from the welcome awaiting a visiting yacht to Yarmouth. There are no irksome regulations. The harbour exists solely for pleasure boats—power and sail. So entering harbour is easy, and many kinds of craft come in for a few hours or days. From Poole, Hamble and other places—often from abroad.

And all yachtsmen become honorary members of the local organization, the Royal Solent Yacht Club, while they are there. Lt.-Col. O.H. Mitchell asks anyone arriving by sail to come into the club.

"It's easy to join if you own a boat—we're not snobbish," he says.

The visiting clubs appreciate Yarmouth's friendliness and being able to tie up so close to the town. And such facilities as the scrubbing berth inside the breakwater; the hose at the head of the slipway for filling water tanks; and, for power craft, the petrol pumps on the quayside. The Little Ship Club came at Whitsun and will be there again in September.

No wonder Yarmouth is becoming more popular each summer. Many of the members of the R.S.Y.C. live locally, but many more are weekend sailors only.

MEMBERSHIP has shot up from 490 in 1955 to 620 in 1956, a twenty-five per cent jump in twelve months. And of this number, one-third are women; some two hundred of all ages whose common interest is sailing.

Who are these women? People like you: wives of solicitors, architects and others getting a Saturday-to-Sunday break from the kitchen; an ex-Wren from London; a student teacher who owns a scow, the smallest one-sail yacht. Total membership is now more than double that of the famous Cowes club.

Let's look at the comparative costs of membership at the Yarmouth, Cowes and Bembridge clubs. The figures speak for themselves:

Yarmouth: Entrance fee, 2 guineas; subscription, 2 guineas.
Bembridge: Entrance fee, 6 guineas; subscription, 5 guineas.
Cowes: Entrance fee, 100 guineas; subscription, 25 guineas.

Junior membership at Yarmouth is only half a guinea. And temporary members who do not live on the Island are admitted for five shillings a week.

THE facilities for the annual sub. of two guineas are phenomenal. The club headquarters is an attractive old house on the very water's edge. From its three main rooms and long linking balcony there is a panorama of the mainland from Hurst Castle right round to the entrance of Southampton Water.

So to sailing. Yarmouth remembers its reputation for friendliness and caters for all. But like the low fees for the club, it is best known for smaller, sensible-price boats. "From £50 to £550" is the motto. Others cost more, of course. But not many people today can indulge in the thousand-pounds-and-upward variety—Lady D. and Onassis excepted!

Yarmouth is most famous for its strictly limited Y yachts: the Y one-design class. They are restricted to ten in number at any one time. For all purposes, though, they are similar to the more widely built X-class. Each is about 21 ft. long.

X-class yacht costs £550 new. Both X and Y change hands at £300-£400. Or you can sometimes buy a part-share of one for £100.

Running costs? They average:

Maintenance	£30
Mooring (out of harbour) ...	£6
Mooring (in harbour) ...	£3
Insurance	£9

So for less than a pound a week you can keep her maintained ready to sail at any time you like. And as maintenance is roughly two-thirds labour to one-third materials, you can cut this down to £10 by do-it-yourself. The total expense then with a harbour mooring would be £22. These mooring fees are so reasonable because the Yarmouth-Lymington car ferry helps to support the harbour charges.

IF 21 ft. sounds small to you, remember that the Smith brothers sailed in the 20 ft. Nova Expero from Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, to Dartmouth, Devon.

Stanley Smith lives in a houseboat at Yarmouth, overlooking the haven. In his contemporary-style sitting-room he told me—with wife Valerie looking on—of his two epic Atlantic crossings in the Nova, when the water turned in an instant from calm dark blue to wild olive green as the boat bounced from the Gulf Stream current across to the icy inshore sea from Labrador.

Here is the true yachtsman—young, clear-eyed, modest. A man who has savoured sailing the world over.

But back to the boats. If you can't afford an X-class, a smaller two-sail design is the Hornet, which you can get for less than £200.

Even this is a lot of money today, though. But featured in all Yarmouth races and regattas is the scow—a tiny 11-ft. yacht with just one balanced lug sail and a small deck forward. Anyone from schoolgirls upwards sail them—and they manoeuvre marvellously well.

"Youngsters or beginners can cut their teeth on the scows safely," says expert Harold Hayles. He ought to know; his own daughters sail them.

THE scows came from West Wight originally. Six were built before the war sheerly on speculation for £35 each. Today those boats fetch £45. To buy a new scow costs you £110.

Here are the costs for running one:

Maintenance	£12
Mooring	£3
Insurance	£3

And if you look after it yourself, the total annual expenses need not exceed £10.

With all its traditions, Yarmouth is young in heart; and has the sense to see that as far as real yachtsmen, and women, are concerned, the days of snobbery in sailing went with the war.

	Length	*New*	*Secondhand*
X-class	21 ft.	£550	£300 plus
Scow	11 ft	£110	£45 plus
Heron class Car-top sailing dinghy	11 ft.	£90	
G.P. sailing dinghy for building from prefabricated parts	14 ft.	£78	

has your husband got the *GOLDEN TOUCH?*

Gregory Peck—"The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit"

WHAT carries a man to the top? And what part do YOU play in his success? These are vital questions to every woman today, when Office-Boy-to-Boss is part and parcel of our lives. Two films—*The Man In The Grey Flannel Suit* and *Patterns Of Power*—have given a glimpse of business life in America. But how does a man cultivate the Golden Touch in Britain? Next month a famous psychiatrist will analyse the physical and mental combination necessary to take a man to the top. And tell YOU how to help him.

Eve SPONSORS A COMPLETELY INDEPENDENT INQUIRY INTO TODAY'S DOMESTIC EQUIPMENT

How good is your washing machine, refrigerator, vacuum cleaner? *Does it* do the job it is supposed to do—*does it* live up to the claims the salesman made for it?

Women buy these machines. Women use them. Yet women have no say at all in their design! Fantastic, isn't it?

So now *Eve* is sponsoring a great new *completely independent* survey of domestic equipment. We are going to test these gadgets where they should be tested—in the home. First report next month.

Van Heflin—"Patterns of Power"

☆ ☆ ☆

THREE MEN (and me) IN A BOAT—Angela Croome's hilarious adventures in film-land ☆ Second long instalment of THE FLOODS OF FEAR ☆ 8 PAGES OF FAMILY KNITTING ☆ Full instructions for making a CONTEMPORARY LAMP ☆ The Living in Britain series finds A HOUSE TRANSFORMED FOR £5 ☆ SHORT STORIES ☆ PEOPLE ☆ PLACES ☆ COOKING ☆ CUT-OUT COAT FOR A CHILD.

AND THE WORLD'S BEST FEATURES

IN Eve NEXT MONTH

CHUTNEY!

Recipes with a difference—

for pickled plums, peaches and pears

WHEN I open the door of my preserves cupboard and look at the rows of glowing jars within, my heart swells with the pride of creation, *writes Janet Darby*. In those bottles and jars, which will presently comfort and delight my friends and family, are stored the bounty of the seasons.

I can recapture the pink and white flurry of apple and pear blossom before the petals carpeted the ground and the fruit swelled in their place. All the panorama of the seasons comes to my mind's eye as I gaze at the jars on the shelves. Poets must feel like this.

But let us be practical and consider the processes necessary to put those jars on those shelves. I don't think it is worth while preparing the equivalent of good proprietary articles which can be obtained easily and fairly inexpensively.

The point about making preserves at home is that they should be *different. Specialités de la maison*, in fact.

Here they are—recipes for **Apple Chutney, Ginger Pears, Pickled Mushrooms, Pickled Damsons or Plums, Dill Pickles** (made with little ridge cucumbers), **Brandied Pears or Peaches** (ideal for Christmas presents).

APPLE CHUTNEY

3 lb. cooking apples.
1 lb. dark sultanas.
1½ lb. demerara sugar.
1 tsp. mustard seed.
1 pint malt vinegar.
2 lemons.
½ lb. onions (peeled).
1 flat des. ground ginger.
Salt and pepper.

Cut the peeled apples and onions in pieces and mince them with the sultanas. Put into a saucepan, add the grated rind of the lemons, together with the juice and all the other ingredients. Bring slowly to the boil, stirring, and cook slowly for one hour, stirring at intervals. Allow to get quite cold before bottling and sealing. Keep it at least two months before you use it.

GINGER PEARS

4 lb. pears.
2 lb. granulated sugar.
2 oz. crystallized ginger.
2 lemons.

Peel and core the pears, and cut them into thin slices. Cut the ginger into fine strips, and add to the pears, together with the sugar and the juice of the lemons. Remove all the pith from the lemon rinds, cut them into thin strips and add. Mix all together, stand for 24 hours. Turn into a pan, and cook slowly for 2½ hours. It should then be thick and clear. Pour into hot jars and cover at once.

PICKLED MUSHROOMS

Button mushrooms are best. Peel them carefully and remove the stalks (which you can use for soups or stews). Wash and dry the mushrooms carefully. Rub each mushroom with salt. Put them into a pan on a very low heat, or at the side of the fire, and cook slowly in the liquid which the salt will form. Continue to cook until the liquid has soaked into them again. Sprinkle with pepper and powdered mace. Just cover them with vinegar, bring slowly to the boil, and boil slowly for 4 minutes only. Pour into jars, allow to get quite cold, then seal very tightly.

PICKLED DAMSONS

4 quarts damsons or plums.
1 pint malt vinegar.
1 stick cinnamon.
2 tsp. pickling spice.
4 lb. preserving or granulated sugar.

Boil the vinegar, sugar and spices together for 10 minutes. Wipe and prick the fruit and pour the hot boiled vinegar over them. Leave overnight, then strain off the syrup, boil it up and pour over the fruit again. Leave overnight. Strain off the syrup, bring it to the boil, add the fruit, and simmer till it just cracks. Pour into hot jars and cover at once.

DILL PICKLES

6 lb. small ridge cucumbers.
1 quart cider or malt vinegar.
3 quarts water.
Garlic.
Heads of fresh dill (which can be obtained in herb shops or at some greengrocers).
1 cup cooking salt.

Wash the cucumbers but do not cut them. Fill kilner jars with them—the 2-lb. size is best. Mix the water, vinegar and salt and bring to the boil. Put two heads of dill and several cloves of garlic cut in half into each jar. Cover with the boiling vinegar mixture, and close the jars immediately. Keep for three weeks before using. These pickles keep crisp and fragrant for a year. Wonderful with cheese or cold beef. Wonderful, anyway.

BRANDIED PEACHES

Cheap brandy (about 33s. a bottle) will do very well.

4 lb. peaches or pears (when peeled).
4 lb. granulated sugar.
1 pint water.
1 stick cinnamon.
1 tsp. cloves, with heads removed.
1½ pints brandy.

Break up the stick of cinnamon, and put with the cloves in a bag. Boil the sugar and water with the spices till all the sugar has dissolved. Add the fruit a few at a time, and cook gently till just tender. They must remain unbroken. Remove each batch of fruit as it cooks, and repeat till all the fruit is cooked. Put the fruit gently into a colander to drain. Boil up the syrup till it is thick. Allow to get quite cold, then add brandy, and stir well. Put the fruit carefully into jars, cover with the syrup, and seal.

Dried fruit, too, can be brandied, and is a luxurious addition to your stores cupboard. Figs, dates, peaches, apricots or prunes are suitable. No cooking is necessary. Wash the fruit, and dry it carefully. Pack into jars. Mix two parts of clear honey to one part of brandy. Cover the fruit with this mixture, and seal at once. Keep for at least four weeks before using. One word of warning. Never use enamel pans. Aluminium is best.

The new Hillman Minx de luxe is making a name as a family favourite—with an equal appeal to men and women drivers

by LILIAN le MONNIERE

A LADIES' car with a man-sized punch—that's the new Hillman Minx de luxe model.

And it's the one I chose for the reader who asks: "Is there a car my husband can drive in the eighties—and I can handle easily in traffic when I'm shopping?"

She wanted enough room for three young children, an easy-on-the-pocket petrol consumption and a top price of not more than £800.

And: "It must be a comfortable car. We have elderly parents who can't crawl in and out of long, low models."

The new Hillman, with a low-to-medium-sized 1,390 c.c. engine, is rapidly making a name for itself for just the qualities she needs. It costs £773, purchase tax paid.

The engine, the transmission, and the body are all beautifully silent when the car is running, because the makers have gone to immense trouble to insulate the body from the working parts.

The man who enjoys fast motoring will find this Hillman touches 84 m.p.h. in favourable conditions, cruises at 70 without any fuss at all, and takes him from a traffic light halt to 50 m.p.h. in around sixteen seconds.

IF he needs more figures about its performance: The car only takes 45 seconds to put the speedometer on the 70 m.p.h. mark, and in 14 seconds attains 50 m.p.h. from 30 in top gear.

That should satisfy *him*. Next, is it easy for a woman to drive?

There are four gears operated by a gear-lever on the steering wheel. I do not like this form of gear work normally, but this is the easiest I have yet tried.

You can select the gears with the fingers of the left hand *while that hand is still on the steering rim*. The gearbox allows 38 m.p.h. in second, 64 in third.

You will like the brakes. They are leech-like, and you can get all grades of effect from a determined stop to avoid a child or a dog, to a silky arrival outside the hairdressers.

And I find it quite easy to be sure of the whereabouts of the nearside kerb because of the way the bonnet slopes forward. An excellent point. When you

For £773 (purchase tax paid)—comfort, elegance and speed when you need it

MINX IN THE FAMILY

manoeuvre this car in a park, it reverses quietly without any clutch shudders or wild jumps. And distance can be measured accurately through the back window because the panel is deep and almost wrap-around in width.

Men and women drivers will find it comforting to know the car can be tenacious on hills in top gear, or lively as a sports model when the gears are used.

I took it up a favourite rise near Hampstead. I started the climb at 30 m.p.h. and we went over the crest at 29 m.p.h., with no complaints from the engine.

Using the gears on a hill in the country, I started the ascent at 30 m.p.h., in second and was soon changing to third and finally into top, finishing the climb at nearly 50 m.p.h.

HILLMANS have always appealed to women drivers, because of their docile, side-valve engines. Not long ago, the overhead-valve engine, with its better acceleration, was fitted. Now, in the new model, the engine has a higher compression—or punch.

To be technical, the compression has been raised from 7 to 8 to 1, which produces 51 instead of 47 brake horsepower at 4,600 revolutions a minute. (I make no apology for going into these details because many women motorists received a mechanical education in the Services during the war.)

Do not get the idea that such an engine is hard to start or is temperamental in certain conditions. It is not. A down-draught carburettor and a thermostatically-controlled manifold system see to that.

HIGH performance today does not mean the car either goes like the wind or sulks —which used to be the case. You get a smooth output of power which rises in intensity as the engine turns over faster; you also get a gentle crawl in dense shopping traffic. I particularly noticed the absence of "snatch" at low speeds.

What I think most women motorists will like is the attractive way the car handles at speed. It seems to fly round corners with the ease of a racing car.

There is a secret behind it.

Sir William Rootes and his engineers have adopted a longer wheelbase (the distance between the front and back wheels) which has allowed them to "cradle" all the seats towards the centre of the car. It has had a magical effect on the stability, giving a lower centre of gravity. The model is easy to steer, with hardly any tendency to sway outwards on bends.

If you sit in the back seat, as I did during my test, you will notice how little your body moves to one side or the other —a comfort for children or elderly people who are sometimes unwell on long trips.

The wheelbase improvement allows, more space inside the car, and a bigger boot which, though it contains the spare wheel, takes a surprising number of cases. There is still another benefit : the forward seating position allows the driver to turn his head to see a cyclist coming out of a side turning without a door pillar obstructing the view.

ONE good point I noticed—the front and back bumpers wrap round the wings. If you have ever backed into a door-post —(who has not?) you will realize that this design will save your paint in future.

What about those elderly passengers? They can get in and out of the wide doors with ease. The floor is of the step-down type—lower than the under-edges of the doors.

So it all comes to this. The new Hillman is high-spirited, safe, easy to handle, comfortable.

It's no longer just a "ladies' car." It's a man's as well.

Note: Choose from a variety of two-tone colours. My favourite is storm-grey and lilac-grey for the body, with blue-grey upholstery piped with dark blue.

BACON IS MORE THAN JUST A PARTNER FOR EGGS—SO MUCH MORE!

You have 15 minutes and you're in a panic . . . then here is the dish for you

give the man a CHOP!

It's a new way of bringing home the bacon

A MAN loves a steak. There he is all through history toasting his bit of flesh over an open fire, bent over his platter in the Middle Ages, smacking his lips over it in Dickens's day. One great writer of the nineteenth century, the Vicomte de Chateaubriand, even had a steak named after him.

Go into any large restaurant. Waiters weave between the tables with enormous menus listing delectable hashes and sauces and bouchées. Wearily scanning, confusedly sighing at all the French, many a man will pass it back, with the words: "Just bring me a steak."

And by the authority and decision in his voice, the waiter knows it will have to be a tender one, grilled to a turn by a master-hand somewhere out there in the clattering depths of the kitchens.

Or a chop. It takes a real man to ask for a chop. Interior decorators may sigh for Hollandaise sauce, fonds d'artichaut, pale little snails gummed up with garlic. But the chef in the kitchen jerks to attention at the call: "Grilled chump chop, please, chef!" He knows it had better be good.

Steaks and chops are Food, authentic Food. They require a good strong knife and fork, teeth and harmonious digestion. A man has to shape up to a chop. Watch his squared shoulders, his taut chin as he enters the fray. Chops and steaks aren't pre-digested, pulverized, pulped or packeted. They're Food.

We used to have a wide selection of chops and steaks in Britain. In the Middle Ages we could have the choice of reindeer, bear or venison steaks, boar or pig chops. But several generations of steady eating have thinned out the field.

Unfortunately, an animal bears a limited amount of steak and carries only so many chops per side. A feckless Nature has loaded the flesh-bearing animals with a preponderance of coarse flesh and sinew, but steaks and chops are in limited supply. A huge bullock, live weight 1,000 lb., dressed down to a meat carcase of 560 lb., furnishes a paltry 8 lb. of filet mignon and a niggardly 35 lb. of entrecôte.

THIS is where the modern pig comes in —an obliging creature who has gone so far as to alter his shape to suit our tastes. He is no longer fat, but long and lean. Mindful of the need for chops and more chops, he has grown extra ones, and now has a line that would not discomfort Dior.

Bacon chops and bacon steaks are chops and steaks with a difference—they are salted and smoked as well.

For the sudden crisis meal, chops and steaks of bacon are *de rigueur*. They are always available, always in season. Because they are "cured" meat, they are highly digestible. Because they are smoked, they are exotic and heady. And curing and smoking make them keep well. It takes no more than fifteen minutes to prepare bacon chops or steaks. Serve them with hot beetroot stuffed with horseradish sauce, or symmetrically arranged on a long dish, with mushrooms and tomatoes.

What about wines to go with them? The contemporary wine cupboard is Mother Hubbardish. But for the Night the Boss Came, the good wife will raid her store. Ideal with Bacon, so the gourmets say, is a Montrachet, with its bland bouquet and slightly peppery flavour. Keep by you also a few bottles of Commonwealth wines—smooth and sun-heavy and reasonable in price; or a dry Graves.

And remember that the moment of truth when cooling white wines is as difficult to catch as truth itself. Above all *do not ice white wine*. Overcooling will reduce its subtle perfumes to naught. It will become as water bewitched, but not nearly bewitched enough. Gently, then, with the ice. The ideal is to stand the bottle in iced water for half an hour before serving.

There, then, is the Meal à la Minute, equally suitable for the Little Woman caught unawares, and the Busy Executive Wife faced with a hungry husband in the evening.

A WORD on Grocer Approach. Most small purveyors of bacon will reel back from the white marble counter when you ask for a bacon steak or chop. Treat these traditionalists kindly. Put your finger on the Slicer Chart and say: "Cutting number fourteen, please." This is the thickest cut for gammon slices and chops (which he has always known as rashers). But in those dedicated cathedrals of the epicure, the big stores, you won't have too much difficulty, especially if you ask for the manager. He may offer to cut your steaks or chops by hand, and really passionate purveyors will even leave the bone on the chops, to complete the picture.

Having taken care to ask for mild, prime bacon, soaking is not usually necessary. Trim off the rinds, snip the fat of the gammon steaks to prevent them buckling under the grill. Hollow out small beetroots with a spoon, and fill the hole with potted horseradish sauce. Fifteen minutes before required, brush the steaks with oil and grill, not too gently, not too wildly, turning once.

For bacon chops with grilled mushrooms and tomatoes, again brush over with oil or butter and give a gentle fifteen minutes grilling whilst you are preparing the table and checking the wine.

Green salad goes well, but serve it *after* the meat. This is the usual thing in France, but is considered rather exotic here.

Another delicious salad is diced apple and celery, lightly sprinkled with sugar and dressed with oil and lemon juice in equal measure.—*ALISON COOKE*

DO YOU KNOW there are over a hundred different varieties of pasta—and almost as many fillings and sauces?

All the best cooks can make at least ONE good pasta dish—spaghetti or noodles garnished with spicy sauces: ravioli or macaroni with a piquant filling.

Pasta is the perfect answer if you want to bring a Continental flavour into your cooking. Unlike many exotic dishes, it is easy to prepare and economical as well.

NEXT MONTH—learn more about the pasta family which makes so many inspired dishes.

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Classical evening dress with

matching cape lined to **contrast.**

Model by Arthur Banks

in a fine jersey fabric

made with Courtaulds rayon.

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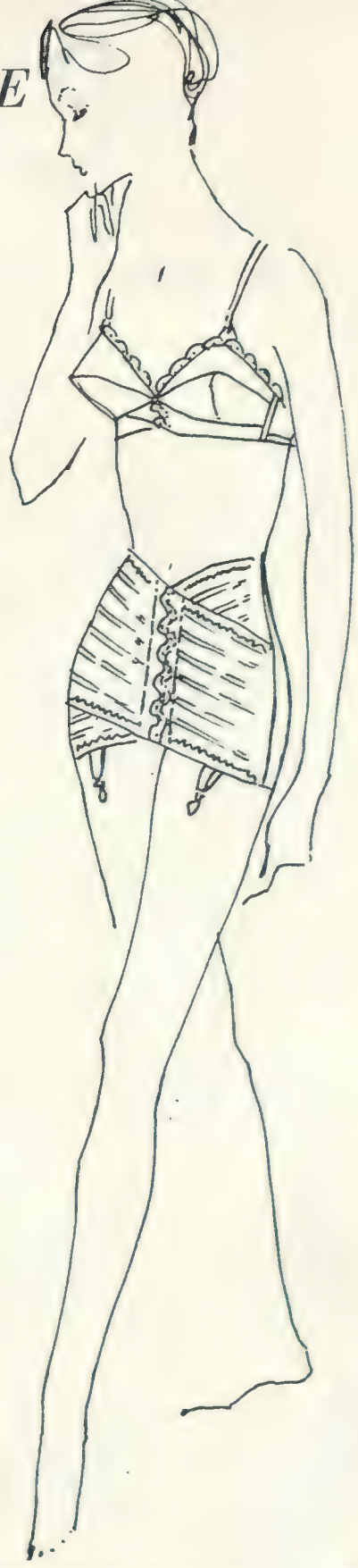
LEARN TO SAVE YOUR FACE

Relax— but don't let go . . .

STRAIN AND WORRY ARE ENEMIES OF GOOD LOOKS



BEAUTY conducted by NAN RIVERS

THERE'S little enough time in modern life for leisure—and none for relaxation that needs a silent, darkened room and a *chaise-longue*. . . .

If we are to relax at all, we have to snatch odd moments whenever there's an opportunity. This means a new technique of relaxation and a different mental attitude towards it. Instead of imagining it in terms of giving up an hour or so to "letting go," we need to think of it as something positive and dynamic—a series of essential daily respites in which we can recharge our physical and mental batteries.

It's a frightening fact that, during the last few years, a whole collection of new illnesses have cropped up which the doctors label "stress ailments."

Don't despise yourself if you are vaguely ill—perpetually tired, irritable, nervy, sick with unreasonable anxieties, unable to concentrate.

☆ ☆ ☆

The main chance of complete and prolonged relaxation comes during sleep. But if we sleep screwed up in tense knots, teeth and fists clenched, nerves taut, we undo half the good the night should bring, and wake up in the morning heavy-eyed and irritable.

A comfortable bed is not a luxury—it's an essential for health and beauty, especially for anyone who sleeps badly. The first need is a mattress that is springy enough to provide a comfortable *but flat* surface. The next importance is bedclothes that are warm but not heavy.

Breathing properly is one of the secrets of sleeping easily and well. Indeed, it is a mainspring of the whole art of relaxing. Too many of us breathe with only the top part of our lungs, and when we do deliberately take a deep breath, we lift our chests and tense our necks. This is wrong. The lungs are meant to expand *sideways*—and if air is drawn in slowly and steadily through the nose and right down into the base of the lungs, this happens naturally with very little chest-lift. Deep breathing means extra intake of oxygen, and this is a complete beauty treatment in itself. It improves the whole general health—it brings a clearer skin, brighter eyes, even glossier hair.

☆ ☆ ☆

Practise deep breathing in bed at night—it goes without saying that there should be plenty of fresh air in the room. Get into the swing of slow, easy breathing, then deliberately relax your muscles from the top of the head down to the toes, visualizing a letting-go-flop of each part in turn. Relaxing comes more naturally to some than to others. If you find you simply *can't* teach yourself to relax, let someone who's an expert give you a few lessons. An efficient and sympathetic physio-therapist who specializes in this sort of work is Gillian King, of 2 Holbein Place, London, S.W.3.

It is possible to place considerable strain on the body by wearing tight or otherwise uncomfortable clothes. Among the worst offenders are constricting foundation garments and tight waistbands. Anything that digs into or presses over the diaphragm, makes correct breathing practically impossible and upsets the digestion.

☆ ☆ ☆

We waste a staggering amount of energy in battling against the stream of things instead of swimming with it. It is often necessary to do something quickly but there is a fine line between moving at speed and hurrying.

The first is well-organized, orderly activity that achieves the maximum with a minimum energy output. The second is a breakdown into panic and chaos that squanders precious energy and gets nothing done either quickly or well.

We cannot *avoid* tension—it is a part of life today. But we can learn to live with it so that it does not damage us.

FOR PERFECT CONTROL

—Silhouette "Little X" girdle. Made in white nylon lastex net and stitched down the front with gold Lurex thread. The matching bra gives a lovely under-lift without constricting the bosom. The girdle costs £1 19s. 11d.; bra 9s. 11d.

PICK-UP

"Permette, signorina . . . ?"—his voice was pleasant

"NOW!" Kate took three more paces and stepped on the large round paving-stone let into the ground. "Now all the pillars should be in line so that one can only see the front one. . . ."

She looked up sharply as if expecting to catch the famous architectural wonder off-guard. For her, as for all the other millions who have visited the Piazza San Pietro, the four arcs of concentric pillars lay duly one behind the other, presenting a single row to the uninitiated eye. Only their shadows gave away those behind.

She crossed to the paving-stone on the other side of the piazza to see if the miracle worked there too.

It was nearly noon. The sweat was running down the back of her legs and she suddenly realized how limp she was feeling after the long walk from her hotel in the blazing June sun. Soon she would have to start back to change before her luncheon party, but there was still time to sit down for a little in the shade. St. Peter's itself could wait.

Each of the pillars surrounding the piazza rested on a stout cushion. She settled herself so that she could lean back against a column.

She took off her dark glasses and dabbed her face. Looking out across the piazza, the white glare from the sunlit stone seemed to strike at her. . . . Here, the shadow fell cool and deep, almost indigo. She could feel the rough stone through her thin summer frock; it was refreshingly cool. She opened her guide to read about the great cathedral before her. . . .

"*Permette, signorina?*" The voice was pleasant. A young man was standing beside her, looking down with a friendly smile. He was carrying his jacket over one arm; with the other he indicated the stone beside her.

"*Prego . . .*" she replied, realizing that was not quite what she meant. He sat down beside her with alacrity.

After some moments, she realized that the young man was addressing a question to her. "*Non capito,*" she said, politely shaking her head.

He looked at her in surprise. "*Francese?*" he inquired.

"*Non, Inglese. . . .*" Kate smiled. She was flattered to be taken first for an Italian and then a French girl. The last thing she wanted was to seem obviously an English visitor. She had seen them—mottled pink, perspiring, in shapeless cotton frocks, asking uncomprehending passers-by the way back to their hotel.

Did she understand Italian? No, she said firmly, noting the inconsistency of her answer. He admitted that he knew no English either. "*Allora!*" He spread his hands wide and shrugged his shoulders up to his ears. They laughed.

Swiftly she stood up, in one movement. "*Ritornare,*" she said, rolling the r's grotesquely to make up for the lack of tense, mood and voice—"*all 'albergo!*"

He sprang up briskly; he might accompany her some of the way "*per favore*"?

They were walking down the imposing Via della Conciliazione with its little shops selling holy pictures and souvenirs. Crowded between two souvenir shops was a café with two or three tables set out on the pavement. A wonderful whiff of fresh coffee fanned out at them. He stopped, catching Kate's arm. "*Prendere una caffe?*" he suggested, gesturing enthusiastically. It was a pleasant idea; there was time, so—why not?

He settled her in a chair at one of the tables while he went inside to bring coffee from the signora at the espresso machine.

A whining voice beside her made her raise her eyes. A toothless and stinking old man was offering her holy postcards—glossy photogravure Virgins with rouged cheeks. She shook her head vigorously and turned away. He drew nearer, pouring forth a torrent of incoherent and bullying sounds; he pushed out his handful of cards and shook them under her nose. An overpowering stench of garlic billowed over her. He was so repulsive and unreasonable she was suddenly terrified.

Just then her companion stepped out of the shop, the two tiny cups of steaming coffee poised in his hands. With a sharp word he dispatched the old man. Kate smiled her relief and gratitude to him a little waveringly, as he sat down.

"*Zucchero?*" He picked up the little wrapped lumps, stripped two and dropped them into her cup. Then, before she could interfere, he had taken her spoon and was gently stirring the coffee for her. She thought it a charming gesture, intimate yet respectful, and wondered if it was an Italian custom.

She looked at the hand stirring the coffee. It was strongly muscled, the fingers blunt, the short nails imperfectly clean. It was not a workman's hand, not a clerk's. She wondered what he did. . . .

They were on their way again. Time was passing and she must not be late for lunch. Now a certain comradeship lay between. He talked steadily in Italian, twisting round frequently with his "*Capito?*" "Do you understand?" He had taken her arm when they crossed the road on to the river bank. The arm was strong and somehow reassuring. She could not find him anything but well-intentioned, tender — *simpatico* — was that the word?

Nevertheless two parts of Kate's mind were in disagreement. A smug English upbringing wrestled with a more natural and spontaneous sense of the beauty and fitness of things.

They walked on in silence. Then, abruptly, he stopped, looking earnestly into her face.

"*Bella signorina—*" he said, lingering on the words and then studying her features even more profoundly—"*molto molto bella!*" He shook his head, closing his eyes with a stricken expression of ecstasy. Kate blushed, slow and full. It was upon this deep blush that the long dark eyelashes rose again. . . .

"*Oh magnifica! Lei me piace multissimo!*" he exclaimed in rapture and clasped her imprisoned left hand in both his.

"No, no, no!" Kate shook her head, troubled and embarrassed now, and pulled away. He fell in beside her again, though his eyes did not leave her face as they walked.

Kate's steps were a little quicker and she held her gaze forward. His dark-shuttered eyes raked her face. Kate was disturbed by his warmth, but at the same time she had never been so charmed. The delight of his unstinted and ardent admiration rose in her mind like the bubbles in new wine; the memory of it was to linger with her.

Perhaps I've gone off my head, but I never expected to feel so pleased about it, she thought.

For a moment she pictured herself meeting her cousin face to face in the street. He was an attaché at the British Embassy and was taking her to lunch. The resulting sensation resembled the last moment before one wakes from a nightmare. . . .

Now they were crossing the bridge over the Tiber, a tired grey snake lying in the bottom of a dirty ditch. A moment later, as they were jostled in the narrow, crowded, shopping streets of Rome, his arm swiftly slipped round her shoulder. His head was bent towards her, and every few steps he murmured tenderly. But, though she was acutely conscious of his sense, the words were lost in the hubbub of the streets and the confusion of her own thoughts. The strange detachment that had accompanied her so far had left her. Panic swept over her.

Stopping dead suddenly, she twisted out of his grasp and held out her hand.

"It's too far. . . . I don't want you to come so much out of your way . . ." she mumbled, half in French. He shook his head at the strange words but assured her in Italian that it was perfectly all right, he would see her all the way home. It was a great pleasure.

10-MINUTE STORY

by

ANGELA CROOME

His tone was reassuring, soothing. She hesitated. But almost before she realized it, his hand slipped beneath her elbow and he was easing her gently forward again. They walked on slowly. Gradually her seething fears subsided. His sense of mood was really very clever, she thought. And how nice to be taken care of so subtly—yet with every step she seemed to plunge further into an impossible situation, to become more deeply entangled.

Now they were climbing the Spanish Steps between the stalls of flowers. The lounging youths stretched out on the balustrades seemed like lizards on a sunny wall.

"What is your name?" he inquired abruptly. She told him.

"And yours . . . ?"

"Gino," he replied. "Gino. . . ."

They climbed the last flight in silence. A few steps down the street stood her hotel. "Goodbye, Gino," she said firmly, holding out her hand. "Thank you. . . ."

Taking her hand he interrupted her. "You will meet me again? This evening . . . ?"

"No no!" she exclaimed. She knew she could not see him again. She had thought he would understand. "*Non possible,*" she added feebly.

"Then let us meet tomorrow, in the morning, in the Piazza di San Pietro. . . ."

If I say "no" this will go on for ever, thought Kate.

"Yes," she said. "All right."

But her tone and expression must have lacked conviction for Gino responded with great solemnity: "I vow that I shall be there!" and looked at her expectantly.

"I vow . . ." she muttered sick at heart. "But now I must go. "*Ciao,* Gino. *Ciao!*" And with a final desperate handclasp she burst away from him and half ran round the corner to her hotel.

GOD, she's looking damned attractive! thought Gerald as Kate hurried in, rather flurried, a trifle damp. Excited too. She might almost be an Italian girl—an Italian girl in love.

"Sorry I'm late," exclaimed Kate. Her cousin grinned.

"Shows how quickly you're absorbing the atmosphere. Romans are always late. It would be bad form for us to arrive at the Contessa's less than half an hour after we were asked."

The Contessa had provided sherry for her English guests. She was the widow of a distinguished diplomat who had been ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and prided herself on a knowledge of English customs.

Kate, absent-mindedly drinking a third sherry, was reliving her strange meeting with Gino, while Gerald and the Contessa plunged into Italian politics.

Over lunch and the strong red wine, the political duologue continued. Then the Contessa, with a visible effort and a hostess smile (*Continued on page* 78)

IN TWOS AND THREES

Newsworthy but practical Polly Peck's black and white check dress *(left)* has a scoop neck, short sleeves, and wide black belt to cinch in the waist. The skirt, stiffened with Vilene, stands out crisply. Caraco jacket has two small side vents. Dress and jacket £15 4s. 6d., dress alone £11 0s. 6d., from Chanelle, Knightsbridge; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh. Dolores Jeunesse bonnet in white felt, black-trimmed, £1 7s. 11d. from Peter Robinson; Jane Shilton scarlet nappa purse, £2 15s. from Dickins & Jones; Miss Rayne scarlet shoes £5 15s. 6d.

The high-waisted skirt: Dorville make this couple, right, in *voyaat* checks of fuschia and black tweed flecked with green, or tan and black flecked with blue. The skirt hangs from a bodice (like a schoolgirl's) which keeps the corselet waist crisp and taut. There is a tight-fitting wool bolero blouse available, separately, that transforms the skirt into a dress. Skirt and jacket together cost £21 10s. from Woollands, Knightsbridge; John Moses, Newcastle. Beaver mascot beret by Dolores Boutique—there are twenty-six colours—£3 7s. 6d. from Galeries Lafayette

Through-the-day threepiece: Handmacher's answer to those with no time to change before theatre or drinks. A sleeveless, square-necked blouse, worn sweaterwise outside the flared skirt, doubles for a late-day dress. We chose it in coffee—material is charmaine pure wool worsted—other colours are black, navy blue, coral and sapphire. £14 3s. 6d. complete from Debenham & Freebody, Wigmore Street; Rackhams, Birmingham. White feather wisp of a hat, by Dolores Jeunesse, £1 8s. 6d. Sand-coloured suède envelope bag costs £2 7s. 6d.

FASHION edited

by Anne de Courcy

Photographs: George Miles

Two of a kind: dressmaker wool suit by Horrockses in mauve and green tartan check, with black overcheck, has a neat black velvet collar, half-belt at the back. The narrow skirt is pleatless; jacket has double-breasted fastenings of black buttons. £7 17s. 6d. from Hunts, New Bond Street; Mayfair, Colwyn Bay. With it we teamed a chic, squashy black velvet hat by Dolores, price £5 10s. from Swan & Edgar; Jane Shilton bag in black calf, £7 7s. from Dickins & Jones; black Miss Rayne shoes £5 5s.

All stockings in this feature by ARISTOC

Carefree and casual: Jaeger knitted jumper suit (right) in a lime/white/black tweedy mixture, with sweater edging of white. Alternative colouring is tan/white/black. £14 3s. 6d. from all Jaeger shops. Garlaine make the skirt and cardigan jacket on left. Finely pleated black wool skirt teams with the shirt-jacket—this comes in French or ice blue, tan or beige, and pink, all with black trimming on cuffs, collar and front; pearl button fastening. £11 11s. from Hupperts, Regent Street; Samuels, Manchester

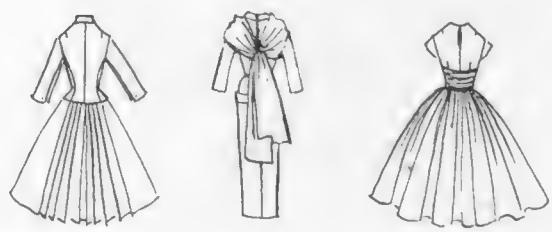
IN TWOS AND THREES

1336

Left: From Jacques Fath—a pale and pretty suit that dispels any fears that Paris designs are too extreme, too difficult to wear. Look at the details—a specially rewarding practice if the pattern is Paris-designed. The jacket has four concealed pockets (here one carries a twist of chiffon), just-below-the-elbow sleeves with linked buttoned closing, and the skirt goes over its own petticoat. Vogue Pattern 1336, 8s. 6d.; bust sizes 30–38

Right: From Paquin—a long-bodied Paris sheath that carries two scarves over the shoulders to tie loosely above the waist. Alternatively, take the scarves forward, slotting them through the belt to fall in panels to the hem. In spotted silk this makes a dramatic dinner dress. Vogue Pattern 1333, 8s. 6d.; bust sizes 30–40

Far right: From Lanvin-Castillo. Important news in evening fashion is the softness of chiffon caught breast-high and falling like a cloud over a gossamer skirt. In this deceptively simple evening dress the shoulders are covered with a fine mist of chiffon and an air-light cummerbund tucked round the bodice leaves a panel to float over the waltz-length skirt. Vogue Pattern 1338, 8s. 6d.; bust sizes 30–36



1336 1333 1338

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1333

1338

PLANNING A NEW GARDEN?

Then take it easy this autumn— leave rock gardens, fruit trees and flowering shrubs until next year

Illustration by Trevor Willoughby

WOULD *you* sentence yourself to hard labour for life? I know thousands of young couples who are doing that very thing—*now*!

You probably know several of them. They are to be found on the outskirts of any town, standing in a glow of misplaced rapture as the builders complete their new house.

They have planned a labour saving *house*: not a step or an ounce of effort wasted. But they have forgotten that a labour-saving *home* includes the garden. And so the effort they save indoors will be expended twice over outside.

Time enough to worry about the garden, they say, when we are installed and have got the house running smoothly.

But so much can be done to make life easy if the new house-owner spares a little thought and a little time for the garden in the initial stages.

Very often, the builders will have to bring in a bulldozer to do a bit of levelling. And it is a very inexpensive matter to get them to take their bulldozer into the garden and do a bit of levelling there, too.

Remember, half an hour with one of these machines represents many weary weekends with a fork and spade. So, think about the garden and its planning while the house is being erected.

A garden certainly needs careful thought. Before any plans are made, decide what you want from the garden; how much annual maintenance work you are prepared to do; and how much future maintenance will be necessary.

IF there is no problem of levels, then the first thing to consider with a brand new site is shelter and privacy.

One cannot expect plants to grow if they are exposed to the four winds of heaven.

There are several ways of securing shelter. A small garden can be surrounded with a wooden fence, or with wattle hurdles. This is apt to be expensive, but if shelter and privacy are very important, then it may be justified.

Remember that wattle hurdles, and any kind of fencing for that matter, will wear out in time. It is a good plan to plant a hedge *inside* the fence so that eventually the hedge can take over its job of sheltering the beds.

The cheapest and best hedge is privet. Of course it is common, but that is because it *is* the cheapest—and the best. The next cheapest, and my favourite, is beech or hornbeam with lovely russet leaves in the Winter, and fresh green in the Spring.

The aristocrat of hedges is the yew. But this must not be planted where animals can get at it, as it is poisonous.

There are several other kinds of hedge—holly, or quickthorn will make in time a hedge that is impenetrable to animals or small boys, but they may not be to everybody's taste, and *Cupressus Lawsoniana* or *Lonicera pileata yunnanensis* make beautiful green, smooth windbreaks.

Then it may be desired to screen off a vegetable garden or a chicken run. Here trellis work with climbing or rambling roses will probably be the answer.

Just one more word about hedges. Beech and yew do not grow so fast as privet, so they take longer to provide shelter. But they only need cutting once a year, whereas privet needs cutting twice.

Do not be in a hurry to plant permanent features, like flowering trees or shrubs. Nor, for that matter, is it wise to worry about such permanencies as rock gardens or herbaceous borders.

IT is far better to wait for a year, even two, before putting in these features, because after living in a house for a year or so, one's ideas may change. Keep the plan rather fluid until your ideas have crystallized a little.

Paths are very important. Make them wide enough for two people to walk abreast—it is very irritating to have to talk over your shoulder to a friend walking around the garden. And it is equally annoying not to have quite enough room to push a truck, barrow, or pram comfortably up and down.

Cinder paths are cheap and easy to maintain. Make them with screened coke cinders spread four inches deep. They can be kept free of weeds by a weekly raking.

Later, as funds and time permit, they can be replaced by gravel, paving, brick, or a neat flagstone path.

Next on the agenda is: How much grass? Do not be misled into thinking that life will be so much easier if the whole place is put down to grass.

A really fine lawn entails a lot of hard work and regular mowing every week throughout the summer. It means feeding, raking; weeds have to be controlled. There are easier things to have in a garden than a lawn!

SOME grass we must have. The golden rule here is to keep it all in one large piece—not split up by standard trees, odd beds and borders, which make life difficult when the weekly lawn-mowing has to be done.

Like marriage, making a lawn must not be undertaken lightly. It is real hard work, but well worth it. Level the site carefully, and when levelling do not bury the top soil. If there is much of a slope on the site, then remove the top foot of soil from the higher part and move it to another part of the garden. Then level the subsoil, and bring back the top soil.

Try to do this as early as possible before the ground gets too wet and sticky, then it will have time to settle before sowing in the Spring. And dig out all the perennial weeds, like docks and thistles. They will only cause trouble another year.

In the Spring, buy the best grass seed you can afford, and sow it sparingly—one ounce to the square yard is ample.

Do not sow before the end of April, when the ground has warmed up. The seed will germinate much better then, and more quickly.

Obviously we must have flowers in the garden. Whatever the plan, it should provide a border or a few beds in full view of the windows, that can be kept gay for as many months as possible.

Once it has been decided where the borders are to be placed, make them fairly wide—six feet is not too wide, eight feet would be even better.

The reason for this will be obvious in the first season or two. It is easy enough to have a border that is a blaze of colour in June. But in a really wide border, one can plant clumps of bulbs, wallflowers and forget-me-nots for the Spring.

After that the flowers of early Summer, oriental poppies, pyrethrums, irises and the rest will carry on the show. And there will still be room to plant Michaelmas daisies, heleniums, and so on for the late Summer and Autumn.

Of course, such a mixed border will never present a blaze of colour at one time. But there will always be some colour there from the end of March when the daffodils begin until the end of October when the dahlias will just be giving their last beautiful blossoms.

But do not worry too much about the perennials for the first year. Make the border and sow it with annual flowers. This gives a chance to get the ground clean and free from perennial weeds.

IF herbaceous plants are put into a border dirty with couch grass and convolvulus, it will be a headache for many years to come.

Now look at the fruit and vegetable part. Here what we grow must be dictated by the family's likes and dislikes. Obviously, everyone wants fresh salads and soft fruits—they can never be bought in a shop as fresh and tasty as one can grow them at home.

You will also want some top fruits, like apples and pears. In a small garden plant single stem cordons.

They take up very little room, they do not grow more than about six feet high, one does not need a pair of steps to spray them or pick them, and they can be quite an ornamental feature.

But here again the planting of fruit trees can be left for another year if time and funds are short.

The first year sow broad beans, early peas, lettuces, radishes, beetroot, with, later, greens for the Autumn and Winter.

The trouble with any new garden is that there is so much to do. Ambitions run away with you. You plan to do so much, but time runs out.

'Planning and patience—that is the key to the garden that is easy to run, inexpensive to maintain. A mistake made now may sentence you to hard labour for many years to come'

A good rule to make is to decide that construction finishes on March 1. After, spend your time looking after whatever garden features have already been installed.

Of course in practice it does not work out this way, because there is always something else you want to do—a rose arch you want to build, another path to make. But if you let construction run on throughout the Summer, you will be torn between thinning the seedlings and hoeing between the plants, or getting on with the building.

THE result: the whole place is a mess for the first year or two.

Try to finish construction every year on March 1. Spend the Summer keeping tidy what has already been constructed. then in the Autumn get to work on the next stage.

Plan the garden progressively. Aim to do so much one year, a little more the next, and in the third year the whole thing should be complete.

One last word about tools. Buy the best you can afford. Cheap tools are always dear in the long run. If funds will run to it, one of the modern cultivators at £50 is a wonderful investment.

It will do all the digging and hoeing. And, with various attachments, will cut the grass too.—*Elizabeth Hay.*

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EVE reporter, David Bate, talks to Sir William Steward—the curry king—and finds that a head for figures is an asset in the kitchen

CURRY à la ACCOUNTANT

A WINK, a twinkle and a big cigar. These are the first impressions of Sir William Steward. A light-headed raciness, a firm hand on your arm. An ability to evade the point, to turn the conversation to frivolous channels; and yet to seize hard on the core of an issue and hold it.

The smart young Indian waiter grins at a joke and hurries off with his order for "the best." An ancient Indian head-waiter stands gravely near us, a flicker of a smile passing over his face.

We are eating Chicken Tandoree in Veeraswamy's Restaurant, off Piccadilly. A speciality of Delhi, it has a sharp, pungent, yet delicate and evanescent flavour.

It is prepared here, we are assured by our enthusiastic host, by the best curry cooks outside India. I believe it.

The scene shifts to the House of Commons Restaurant, that once-neglected sandwich dispensary for tired M.P.s. The waiter is small and capable, with iron-grey hair and the peculiar independent English reserve which was born at Agincourt.

Again the joke, the quip. The waiter's face twitches; he is holding out stoutly. But eventually he, too, smiles broadly.

Steward races on. He orders soused herring; we have roast duck. Both are delicious. The wine list is long, but with a rattle the bottle is chosen. Conversation is fast, no time for stragglers, yet an hour passes unnoticed.

SHIFT once more, to the House of Commons bar. The chairs are comfortable, the tables wide apart. Many a balance of power has been won and lost here. Coffee is served; no need for milk in this. Again the waiter holds out; again he acknowledges defeat with a cheerful grin.

The tempo relaxes slightly, as a race-horse far in the lead cantering home. But the race is not over. Our brandy is good, but odd. Sir William seizes it, sniffs strongly, tastes. "You're right." The waiter is summoned, no fuss, another brand is brought. This is better. He muses over the first, asks its name, shakes his head.

"That's had it," I suggest.

"That's the phrase," he replies. "Had it. Nothing but the best here." And I believe him.

Two claims, and I believe them both. Why? Partly because Steward is owner of Veeraswamy's and also Chairman of the House of Commons Catering Committee. Partly because he has run the famous Indian kitchen for nearly twenty years and has changed the House restaurants from ordinary eating places into dining-rooms as good as any in London.

Where once £20,000 was sunk with no obvious benefit to the customer and the taxpayer, he now makes them pay their way. In 1954 he even made a profit.

THERE is a force about Sir William, for all his gaiety and quicksilver conversation. As we raced round and round various topics, there came an awareness of a tremendous drive, an assurance born of knowledge and strong conviction. He is quicksilver, yes, but with the weight caught in a small phial of the immediate issues.

He is fond of quoting slogans. One of them is "Never say no to a job." He started to practise this early, giving piano lessons at the age of fourteen for a shilling a time, cash on the piano. At the same age he started to work as an office boy.

He is a born capitalist. One of his jobs was to fetch the tea from outside. He considered this chore rather pointless, and arranged to supply tea in the morning and cocoa in the afternoon on the premises. He charged ninepence a day to the boss, and the rest of the staff according to status. By this hard-headed arrangement he got himself a holiday and a new suit of clothes each year for three years.

ANOTHER slogan is "Know it thoroughly." When he came up to London at nineteen to go into commerce, he decided that the best way to make a success of it was to become a chartered accountant. On a wage of £2 5s. a week, he went without meals so as to have a private tutor. He got through the preliminary and was articled at twenty-one to a firm of chartered accountants.

For the first year he had not enough to do. Then he was asked to be acting secretary to a restaurant company. He accepted, although he knew nothing about restaurants. "Never say no to a job."

Determined to know as much and more than the staff, he worked in the office all day and at night went down to the kitchens. He learned to buy in the market. He became acting secretary to a second restaurant company and then a third.

NATURALLY enough he failed his intermediate examinations. But he then came out of the kitchen long enough to pass them on the second try.

At twenty-eight, opportunity finally beckoned, and he became Managing Director of Romano's. He had £25 in his pocket at the time. After ten years there he bought the Café de la Paix, in Swallow Street, Piccadilly, with the original Veeraswamy's in the basement.

Both these restaurants had gone bankrupt twice, but he became interested in the Indian one. His barber, who like all good barbers had his finger on the public pulse, assured him that not a day passed that he did not have an inquiry after the old Veeraswamy's. He decided to close the Café de la Paix and reopen as an all-Indian restaurant, using the old name.

The first week he made £2, the second £5. The rent was £40 a week.

With the desperation of a man having nothing further to lose, he then sent out two Indians with sandwich boards announcing that Veeraswamy's was open again, serving first class curries. Twenty-eight people came for lunch that day.

ON the strength of that he hired forty more Indians and sent them out all over Piccadilly and the West End. "We have never looked back."

In 1945 he put up for Conservative member for Southwark, but lost to stiff Labour opposition. The Tories noticed his campaign and gave him a Labour stronghold—West Woolwich—to "work." To everyone's surprise he and his "On, On To Death Brigade" carried the 1950 election.

In spite of heavy Parliamentary duties, Steward retains a daily interest in Veeraswamy's. To the kitchens there as well as in the House of Commons he is a familiar figure.

He knows curries intimately. Recently

he spent a month touring India in search of new and better varieties.

They differ enormously from one region to another. In Northern India and Pakistan meat dishes predominate, with a very mild, subtle aroma; Kashmiri cooking is rich but not hot; Bengal produces fish curries, cooked in mustard oil; Madras uses mostly vegetables, hot, spicy and containing pulses of high protein value; in Ceylon are the hottest curries of all, using green chillies with a basis of coconut-milk.

Realizing the error of having a cook from one region trying to duplicate authentic dishes belonging to another, Sir William persuaded first-class cooks from different parts of India to come to London and work in his kitchen.

Too many people think a curry consists of an old piece of roast meat left over from the Sunday joint, put into a saucepan, with a generous dose of curry powder. Some pride themselves on their "specialities" containing apples, raisins and the like.

THE truth is that there are hundreds of curry dishes, none of them containing an apple or a raisin. Curry powder is thought of by Indians in much the same way that we regard coffee essence.

The real thing consists of meat, vegetables or fish, cooked in varying combinations of over fifty different spices. In a sense they are health foods, many of the spices having been used for centuries as medicines.

Ghee (clarified butter) is used throughout India in the best kitchens, and a long-grain rice known as Besmati (or Besmutti). An excellent substitute available in England is Patna. Rice is very important, and you cannot improve an inferior quality no matter how hard you try.

But to make a really good curry, the secret is to buy the ingredients in as raw a state as possible, and grind them into a powder yourself. The result is worth the extra trouble. Stores selling all the spices you will need are given below.*

Finally, here are two very simple recipes for authentic curries:

CHICKEN CURRY

One chicken, finely sliced onion and clove of garlic, 1 tsp. ground tumeric, ½ tsp. or less ground chillies, 2 oz. ghee (or other fat), 2 cardamoms, 2 cloves, 1 tbsp. ground coriander, 2-in. stick cinnamon, ½ tsp. each of ground cummin seed and ground ginger, saltspoon ground fenugreek.

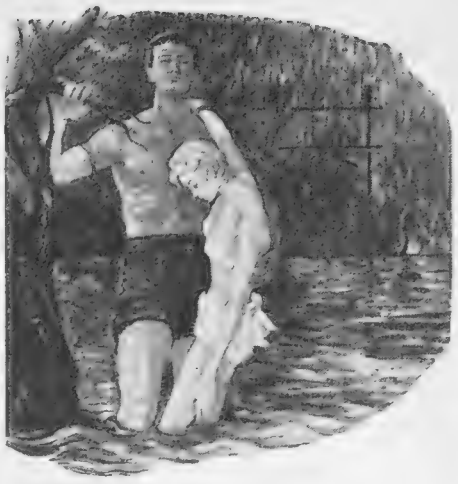
Fry onions, garlic, cloves, cardamoms and cinnamon in ghee. Do not let onions brown. When soft, add other ingredients. Mix well, and cook on slow heat for five minutes. Add chicken, jointed into four, and fry in curry mixture for a few minutes. Add water to make thickish gravy, cover pan and simmer till chicken is cooked. Now add a squeeze of lemon juice and salt to taste. Serves four.

FISH CURRY

With little tamarind juice or vinegar, blend together: 1 tsp. each of ground turmeric and cummin seed, 1 tbsp. ground coriander, ½ tsp. each of ground red chillies, ginger and fenugreek.

In 2 or 3 tbsp. olive oil fry 2 small onions and 2 cloves garlic, finely sliced. Add curry mixture and cook for five minutes. Add coconut milk to make thickish sauce, and salt to taste. Put any kind of fish in the sauce, keep pan uncovered, and simmer gently till fish is cooked.

* Lal Jolly, 606 Guilford Street, W.C.1, Bombay Emporium Groceries, 270 Grafton Way, W.1; A. Abdullah and Sons, 2 Pelmet Court, E.C.2.



THE FLOODS OF FEAR

(Continued from page 29)

"Steady," Donavan said. "I'll be right with you."

The pavement sloped into a downgrade, the water deepened again and the current began tugging at his legs. Her voice guided him to the car, and he stood beside it, waist-deep in the boil on the downstream side. He couldn't see her in the rain and the darkness, nor could she see him.

"Are you alone?" she asked.

"Alone," he said. "Walking and swimming. Well, you'd better come down. You can't stay up there."

"But the water's deep. The current ——"

"Deep and getting deeper," Donavan said quietly. "You'll have to get into the water. It might as well be now."

"No, I can't!"

DONAVAN moved close to the car. Reaching up, fumbling in the darkness, his big hand found a slim ankle, closed. Elizabeth screamed. He pulled and she came tumbling, screaming, down on top of him. He caught her weight on his shoulder. She fought him wildly, but he forced her legs down into the cold water between himself and the car, to her knees, her thighs, her waist, until her feet were on the pavement. The shock of the chill water stopped her outcries. She could only gasp.

"You'll be all right," he told her. "The water's cold, but you'll get used to it. Now stop fighting. Stop fighting the water and stop fighting me. Get hold of yourself; you can't stay alive if you don't."

Her arms were tight around his neck. She was clinging to him desperately, pressed hard against his naked chest. Now, as the first shock passed, she found that nothing harmful had happened, and began to think again. The quiet voice of the man who held her was completely unafraid, completely confident; his chest was big, his shoulders and arms were very strong. Her courage came back to her.

"I—I lost my head."

"It's all right," he said. "And you're going to be all right. But you've got to trust me and do what I say to do. We can't stay here. The water's rising. We'll have to swim."

"The highway? Can't we walk?"

"All of the highway is under," he said. "It will be deep under soon. And we can't waste our strength fighting the river. We can only win if we let it carry us along." He brought his face close to hers, trying to see something of it. He could see only a pale, indefinite outline. "It will help if I know a little something about you," he said. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-three."

"Are you in good health? Are you strong?"

"Yes."

"Can you swim?"

"I can swim and dive as well as most women, I guess. But I'm not a champion."

"You don't need to be," Donavan said. "I'm champion enough for both of us. That's a truth. Believe it, so you won't panic. I can swim twenty miles without leaving the water. I have, more than once. When we leave here, we'll let this current take us wherever it will until we find shelter of some kind."

"What can we find in this dark?"

"Perhaps nothing," he said. "Then we'll go on until daylight. Hold still now." He ran his hands over her shoulder, down her waist, over her hips and down to her feet. "You'll have to get out of some of those clothes. Your coat, your dress, your girdle, shoes and stockings. Save your slip, if you have to, but we'll tie it around your waist. And save me your coat belt."

She was silent, unmoving.

He said: "Your modesty speaks well for you, but your judgment is faulty. Wet clothes won't keep you warm. Wet, they'll pull you down, tangle your arms and legs and catch on things." He waited a moment.

Then he said: "Your modesty may kill you, half naked you're sure to live—it's your choice."

"Here's my coat belt," she said.

HE held the belt of her raincoat in his teeth. He helped her remove her coat. As she lifted her dress and slip, he stripped them off her, over her head. He made the slip into a rope and tied it around her.

In the turbulence, her wet girdle proved more than she could manage alone; he helped her with that, and with her shoes and stockings.

"Now give me your wrist," he said.

He tied one end of her raincoat belt securely to her wrist. Then he fashioned a loop in the other end, ran it above the biceps of his right arm, drew it tight.

"It's not a tow rope," he said. "It's to keep me from losing you in the dark. You'll ride with your hands on my shoulders. Let me do the swimming. Float as shallowly as you can straight behind me. All right?"

"I'll try."

"Good girl. Now let's be on our way."

He took her hand in his and drew her away from the sheltering eddy beside the car, towards the roadside ditch. She felt him dropping into deeper water, felt the stronger currents dragging at her legs, and fear caught her again.

"Can't we stay on *(Continued overleaf)*

THE FLOODS OF FEAR

(Continued from previous page)

the highway? Please!"

"No!" He was chest deep, fighting the currents. "I know this road and this country. There's no high ground. The water will drive us from the road, and I'd rather leave it where there's a channel cut. The deep water is the safest."

He pulled her hand. She had no choice but to go to him into the deeper water. She gasped as the coldness of it covered her entire body, and began swimming, reaching for him. He turned in her clutching arms, guided her hands to his shoulders. He shoved off, riding high to clear the roadside fence, and let the current take them where it would.

After the first moments of terror and uncertainty, Elizabeth was able to control her fear again. No fear was communicated to her from the man beneath her hands. He was able to keep them both afloat with only the smallest movements, and when there was need for swimming, his powerful breast stroke carried them in almost any direction he chose.

This was still the greatest hardship she'd ever known. While she became used to the cold to some degree, it was never less than just bearable and, as time went on, it seemed to penetrate to her bones. They rode torrents that were almost cataracts, dipping and rising on rolling waves. Gouts of water struck her face endlessly, choking her.

Occasionally the water became still, shallowing to hip-deep and knee-deep, and they waded.

THE rain beating on her naked shoulders seemed to warm her, and the return to the cold of the deep water was greater torment. There were a few small areas of ground above water. When they stumbled on one of these, Donavan would let her rest a little, but no matter how hard she protested, he would never let her stay.

"You can't stay," he told her, his voice quiet, impersonal and patient. "This ground will be under in a little while. But even if it weren't going to be, we'd have to go on until we found dry shelter for you. You can't take this cold for long. Too much exposure will kill you. We'll find something soon."

He had to drag her by force from that high ground. On the next, he heard a sound that gave her new strength. "Hear it, girl?" he asked. "That's cattle bawling. We're on or near a farm. There must be buildings—a barn, a house, a shed."

They went on, wading. The water was quiet, no deeper than their hips, and the land was level. But it had been a grain field, well grown before the flood had come, and the grasslike stalks, standing loose and free under the water, caught at their bare arms and legs like thousands of tentacles. Each stride was enormously difficult. The last of Elizabeth's strength was drained from her. She fell, got up and went on, and fell again, and got up and fell and couldn't get up. Donavan took her in his arms and carried her.

In a little more than a hundred yards, he came to a wide wooden gate, a barnyard gate, standing open. He crossed the

"Is—is he really a murderer?" Elizabeth asked

barnyard to another fence and followed the fence to another gate. This gate was closed, but easily opened, and there was a brick path that led to a house. Donavan climbed two steps to a porch that was knee-deep under the water. He put Elizabeth on her feet and held her.

"Are you all right?" he said. "Can you stand alone?"

"I—I think so. . . . Yes. Where are we?"

"We've found a house."

"But there's no light."

"No power," Donavan said. "And we can hope the owners got away ahead of the flood. The water's a foot deep over the floor now, and climbing." He took the loop of the raincoat belt from his arm. "I'll see what we've got here."

They had a farmhouse, old and not very large. A kitchen—they entered through the back door—a dining-room, a living room and an old-fashioned parlour. These things Donavan discovered, wading and groping through the darkness, running his hands over furniture that still stood on the floors.

"We're in luck," he said. "I can't find a bedroom on this floor. That means we've got two floors with bedroom above. Stand fast until I find the stairs."

Elizabeth waited in the darkness by the kitchen doorway. She was sagging with exhaustion, but far worse was the cold. Now it had penetrated to every part of her. Her jaws were chattering, her body ached, her mind was sick and numb. She heard Donavan say he'd found the stairs, but she couldn't answer or go to him. He came to her. The first touch of his hands on her flesh told him what the trouble was. He lifted her in his arms and carried her. He found a bedroom upstairs and a bed with coverings. He stood her beside it.

"Strip," he said. "Strip to the buff and wait. I'll look for towels."

SHE was stripped and in bed, shivering miserably and sick beyond caring, when he returned. His groping hands found her. "I told you to wait," he said, without anger. "But it's all right. There's another bed." The blankets and sheet were pulled from her, a thick bath towel dropped across her breast. Another towel, enclosing his big hands, began to rub her feet and legs. His hands were rough, vigorous and insistent, but somehow they didn't hurt her.

And they didn't stop with her feet and legs. They went on, impersonally, until they had brought warmth and circulation to every part of her body. He swung her feet to the floor then, found her wrist and drew her up.

"Come on—into a dry bed." He led her to another bedroom and another bed. He held the covers open for her, guided her under them and tucked her in. "I'll see if I can find pyjamas or a nightgown." He went away and came back. "No luck. You'll have to make do. Would another blanket help?"

"I'll be all right."

"Good girl. If you begin to chill again, call me. I think we can beat it with massage. At least, we can try."

She was silent for a moment. Then: "I wish I could see you."

"Why?"

"So I could thank you," she said. "I can't thank just a voice in the dark for what you've done. Give me your hand." Her hand found his and she gripped it. "Thanks—so much."

"I deserve no thanks," he said. "None at all." She heard him turn away. "Rest now—sleep. I'll be near."

Elizabeth went to sleep in darkness, in a room filled with the sound of drumming rain. She awakened sometime after daylight to find the room almost still. The rain had stopped. The bawling of cattle was a distant sound; the voice of the flood was muted.

She was tired, drowsy and warm. The weight of the blankets told her that another had been added during the night, and that realization brought others, awakening her fully. She sat up, holding the covers about her shoulders.

Her underthings were draped over the rail at the foot of the bed. Beside them was a faded pair of jeans, torn but serviceable, and a faded sweat shirt. A worn pair of tennis shoes was on the floor beside the bed.

She got up and dressed hurriedly. The nylon underthings were dry, the jeans and sweat shirt were too small for her, the shoes were much too big.

He was a growing boy, she thought. All hands and feet.

ELIZABETH was tall, slim almost to the point of being angular, but well formed. Her legs were long, her hips compact. There was angularity in her face, too, a minimum of flesh moulded over good bone structure. Her eyes were grey and large; her mouth was wide, the sloping line of it clean and honest.

She was not an extremely pretty girl; her rangy figure, the strong proportions of her features, prevented that. But she had the beauty of a well-bred girl, carefully and gently reared.

She found a comb on the dresser and brought order to short-cut, ash-blonde hair. Then she opened the bedroom door and called. There was no answer.

She moved into the narrow hallway and called again. Still no answer.

"He didn't leave me!" she said. "He couldn't!"

She called again, loudly. No answer. She ran to the head of the stairs. The steps went down and disappeared into water, a floating table was canted and jammed in the lower hallway. She ran to the window at the rear end of the hall.

"Dear God. . . ."

Leaning far out, she looked towards the main channel of the river. She could not distinguish it. With the exception of a few small islands of high ground, a few houses standing with porch roofs awash, a drunken line of telephone poles that marked the submerged north-south highway, the flood had covered everything. There was no movement anywhere, human or animal.

She turned from the window and ran to the window at the opposite end of the hall. She broke fingernails on the latch, she tore her hands getting the window up. Again she leaned far out—and almost wept with relief at what she saw. The flood was not all-prevailing. There was land and life in this direction. A small herd of white-faced cattle was huddled on a bit of an island, bawling forlornly.

But she was alone. And because of that, her fear did not leave her until she saw Donavan again. She knew at once he was the man who had helped her the night before; he was helping another man in the same way.

They came into view from beyond the wall of the barn, Donavan first, swimming an easy, powerful breast stroke, the other man floating behind, his hands on Donavan's shoulders. Elizabeth turned from the window when they reached the back porch. She went to the stairway.

The deep, quiet voice that had spoken to her in the darkness the night before was speaking again: "Can you stand up, Peebles? Can you walk? All right; through there, to the left, you'll find the stairs. There are two bedrooms on the floor above. The girl is sleeping in the one on the right. Take the other one. Get dried off, get in bed. I'll be back."

"Don't be a fool!" Peebles said. His was a thin voice, chocked and shaking with exhaustion and cold, but it was full of snarling protest. "Leave 'im there!"

There was no answer.

"What's he to you?" the snarling voice said. "Leave 'im there! Let him get outa this mess! Listen to me, Donavan! I. . . ."

The voice broke off with a curse. Elizabeth heard the man raging to himself as he splashed his way towards the stairs. She ran to the hall window again.

Donavan was swimming away from the house towards the wooded lot. She called to him. He stopped, turned and looked up at her, treading water.

"You all right?" he asked.

"Yes. Are you coming back?"

"Yes. There's a man in a tree. I'm going to bring him in."

"Be careful!"

"Always careful," he said.

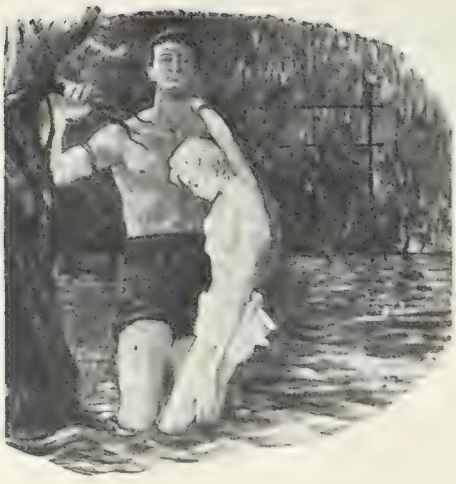
HE rolled and went on again, his arms moving in a long overhand stroke that left a steady wake behind him.

The newcomer, Peebles was crawling up the stairs, panting and cursing. Afraid of a man who cursed like that, Elizabeth backed away. Peebles reached the upper floor, fell sprawling, then clawed his way up to stand erect.

Elizabeth saw a thin man, almost scrawny, shaking and miserable with the cold. His only covering was trousers torn off raggedly at the knees. He took a pair of spectacles from a pocket, put them on and stared at Elizabeth with angry eyes.

"You're the girl, eh?" His voice was a rasping snarl, made bitter by the sickness in him. "Don't stand there! Can't you see I'm half dead? Show me the bedroom! Get me some towels or something to dry me off!" He waited a moment, staring. "What do I have to do, beg you? Get going!"

Elizabeth ran past him to the bedroom across the hall from the one she'd used. The towels were there, spread to dry. She caught them up and threw them at the little man as he lurched in through the doorway. Then she (*Continued overleaf*)



THE FLOODS OF FEAR

(Continued from previous page)

ran to her bedroom and closed the door.

Small and scrawny this Peebles might be, but no one could mistake the strength in him or the evilness of his mind. Elizabeth sat on the edge of a chair, holding herself in tight-clasped arms.

She was not safe from the flood yet, by any means. Someone had to help her; this man Donavan, probably, because no one else was near.

He could help her or not help her, just as he chose, and that was too much power for a woman to give any man.

She had to face the fact that she was female. How could she forget it with a man as ugly as that Peebles around? If she had to depend on him to help her—brother!

But even so, a female caught in this mess with any two strange men—three, if Donavan brought in another—was in no happy predicament.

Elizabeth made a face, suddenly angry with herself. This was a stupid, morbid, scare-baby way of thinking.

THERE was a sound of bare feet thumping the floor in the bedroom behind her. "Hey!" Peebles called. "Hey, you, out there! Get me another blanket!"

Without turning, Elizabeth said: "Get it yourself!"

She stood motionless at the window, face stiff and furious, arms crossed. The time to get things straight was now, the little beast could freeze to death before she'd take an order from him.

She heard the bedroom door open behind her.

"What's the matter? You too proud to help a guy?"

Elizabeth said: "I'm not your servant."

"Well . . ." the little man said. "So we got a real snooty dame, have we? Ain't that something? You wait till I get on my feet, sister, and we'll see about this."

Elizabeth pressed her lips tight. She heard the bare feet go into the bedroom she'd used, heard them return to the other bedroom and the door slam. "Ugly rat," she whispered. It had a brave, defiant sound, but she didn't fool herself with it. Her knees were shaking and she couldn't argue with them. She was scared. If this Donavan turned out to be even a little bit like Peebles, she was a gone goose.

Now she saw Donavan come into view again. He was bringing another man to safety, but this one was too far gone to hold to Donavan's shoulders. It was slow, hard work, but Donavan came steadily on. Elizabeth was waiting for him where the stairs met the water.

"Can I help you?"

"I'll make it all right."

Donavan pushed the floating table out of the stair doorway and came into the stairwell, backing on to the stairs, waist deep. The man he'd brought was floating on his back. Donavan flipped him over, face down, ducked under him and came up with the man on his shoulders.

"Out of the way," he said to Elizabeth. "I've got him." He carried the man to the bedroom Elizabeth had used and eased him to the floor beside the bed.

"Still with me, Tom?" he asked.

The man's eyes opened. He didn't speak; he couldn't. Elizabeth, standing in the doorway, knew how sick the man was. His long, bony body was shaking uncontrollably. His face was painfully drawn, his lips were blue with cold, white-rimmed.

ELIZABETH turned away as Donavan bent to strip the trousers from the prostrate man, and in a moment she was back with towels.

"Only one is dry," she said.

"One will have to do," Donavan said. "But save it to rub him down. Dry him with the damp ones." He wrung out the man's soaked trousers and hung them on a chair. "And don't be gentle with him. You have to get rough to get his blood moving again. Then get him into bed."

Elizabeth's eyes went wide. "I. . . ."

He looked at her. "Why not you?"

Now she saw him clearly for the first time. She saw a big man. He was not beautifully sculptured; he was strong, thick of waist and chest and shoulder.

His dark eyes were quiet, level and direct. They looked at her without favour or disfavour—impersonally, as if she were nothing much at all.

Her face flamed. "Do you realize what you're asking?"

"Yes," Donavan said. "This man needs your help. Just as you needed my help last night. I'm asking you to give him the same help I gave you."

"But he's a man!"

"Obviously," Donavan said.

Elizabeth was angry. And insulted. But there was panic in her too. Donavan didn't consider the task at all unreasonable, and to refuse was not going to make a close friend of him. But she had to refuse. Good Lord! The man was naked! She did the only thing she could think of: she turned away from him and ran into the hall.

Donavan didn't call her back. He looked after her a moment without a change in expression. Then he picked up the towels. He dried Tom Sharkey and helped him to the bed. There he used the single dry towel to rub warmth and life back into the thin man's aching limbs. When he put Sharkey under the bed covering, everything that could be done for the man had been done. He went out into the hall. Elizabeth was standing at the window. She heard him, but she did not turn. He didn't speak to her. He went down the stairs and waded into the water on the floor below.

When he came to the upper floor again, his arms were loaded with things he'd found—a short-handled axe, a kitchen carving knife, a five-gallon can, matches and paper. He took them into the room where the small man lay and dropped them on the floor.

"Peebles," he said, "get up, get dressed."

"Man, I can't! I'm half dead!"

He remained in bed, tightly wrapped in blankets, watching Donavan.

Donavan moved with a suddenness amazing for his bulk. He tore away the blankets that covered Peebles. A big hand closed on one of Peebles's ankles. Donavan set his feet and heaved and Peebles was dragged from the bed.

The swing of Donavan's big shoulders sent Peebles sliding across the floor to crash against the wall.

PEEBLES head struck hard. The small man yelled with pain and held his head and cursed. But he did not curse Donavan. He had known the big man too long to risk that. He fought back his anger and got up to put on his wet, cut-off trousers, setting his teeth against the cold.

"Find any cigarettes?"

"No. But there's a safety razor and some blades."

"What do I need a shave for? That babe? I asked her to get me a blanket—she tell you? She told to go jump. For that one, I'll let my beard grow. I'll whisker her good."

"I wouldn't try, if I were you." Donavan used the axe on a chest of drawers and built up a supply of fuel. "There's canned food in the pantry below. And kettles and pans. Get up whatever you think we need to put together a meal."

"Where're you going?"

"After meat."

Donavan took the axe and the knife, and went into the hall again. Elizabeth was still at the window, but she had turned. With time to think, the wisdom of making amends to the big man had become very clear to her.

She was ready with an apology. "I know it must seem silly to you, but really it was asking too much. Of me, anyway. You see, I. . . ."

Donavan was not listening to her. His quiet eyes were making a careful inspection. He saw the good bones in her face and the sensitive line of her mouth. There could be no mistaking the kind of girl she was, the kind of family she'd come from or the life she'd lived. A good girl, badly spoiled probably, but virtuous.

Her family had money—if not a lot, at least more than enough. And she was surely a stranger to roughnecks. She was out of place here. As out of place here as that slim body was out of place in a boy's sweat shirt and jeans. The fit was very tight. Where the garments failed to meet he could see the nylon of her underthings and patches of bare flesh.

"Is it necessary to stare at me?" she asked. Her face was white again, her lips were tight.

To be continued next month

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Tea Party

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* * *

Have you met any Club Members yet?

Day by day our Club membership is increasing; in fact there are now so many of us that the women you meet when you're out shopping are probably Club members and there are sure to be members in your neighbourhood.

It would be such fun for you to get together—read what one of our members has just done! Perhaps it will give *you* ideas on entertaining your friends!

I'll be writing to you again, so look out for your next Stork Wives Page!

Yours sincerely,

Margery Appleton

Mrs. W. Morris of Thornton Heath has let us know about a Tea-Party she gave the other day. While shopping in the local grocer's she started talking to two neighbours and they soon discovered that all three were members of our Stork Wives Club. That gave them something special in common, and Mrs. Morris, who loves entertaining, had an excuse to hold a Tea-Party.

Mrs. Morris has lived the longest in the neighbourhood, and she has three grown-up children. Mrs. Annette Davies, the youngest of the wives who went to tea, is newly-married and has only just come to live in apartments near Mrs. Morris. Because she and her husband are saving hard for a home of their own, Annette works as a shop assistant. The second guest, Mrs. Eileen Thompson, has been married for five years and has two very young children. When we read Mrs. Morris's descriptions of her guests, we were struck by the fact that these three wives really do correspond to the three groups of wives that we talk about in our Club pages.

We're sure you'd like to know what Mrs. Morris gave her guests for tea, and as the food was so good, we'll pass on the recipes to you. Then you can try them out on *your* friends!

For special occasions there's nothing like a personal touch, so Mrs. Morris made a delicious Rainbow Layer Cake. . . .

RAINBOW LAYER CAKE. Sieve 8 oz. (8 heaped tablespoons) self-raising flour. Cream together 8 oz. Stork and 8 oz. (8 rounded tablespoons) castor sugar. Beat in, one at a time, four eggs, adding a little sieved flour with each egg after the first. Divide in half, add a few drops green culinary colouring to one portion and a few drops red to the other and fold in evenly. Put into two 8-inch sandwich tins with a round of greaseproof paper in the bottom of each, and brushed with melted Stork. Spread smoothly, and bake side by side on the middle shelf of a moderate oven (Regulo Mark 4: 360°F.) for 35-40 minutes. (If space is limited, divide ingredients in half, weigh and make and bake separately.) Cool on a wire tray. When cold cut each cake in half, spread each layer with Stork Icing (see recipe) and sandwich together. Ice cake all over, mark in a pattern with a fork or palette knife and decorate with sliced multi-coloured jelly sweets.

Raspberry Icing. Cream 6 oz. Stork with 8 oz. sieved icing sugar. Beat in a further 8 oz. sieved icing sugar, and 3 tablespoons juice from tinned raspberries or strawberries (or milk, and ½ teaspoon raspberry or strawberry essence).

To give the right homely touch there was plenty of brown and white bread and scones, spread with Stork. . . .

Then there were some delicious Lemon Coconut slices which were a great success. We're sure you'd love to have them when friends come to tea!

LEMON COCONUT SLICES. Sieve 8 oz. (8 heaped tablespoons) plain flour with a pinch of salt. Rub in 5 oz. Stork. Stir in 1 rounded dessertspoon sugar, and mix with 1 tablespoon cold water. Roll out thinly to an oblong, cut into two long strips 10 × 4 inches. Brush rims with water, cut ¼-inch wide strips from trimmings and press on to each rim, forming a raised border. Brush with milk, sprinkle with castor sugar, and place on baking sheet.

Spread each of the strips with 1 heaped tablespoon lemon curd. Mix 4 heaped tablespoons desiccated coconut with 2 heaped tablespoons castor sugar, 1 beaten egg, and the finely grated rind of 1 lemon. Spread over lemon curd. Bake for 25-30 minutes in a very moderate oven (Regulo Mark 3: 335°F.) on the third shelf from the top. Remove and while still hot, cut in inch-wide fingers with a sharp knife. Decorate with glacé cherries and angelica—or nuts.

The Tea-Party was a great success. The three wives gossiped gaily, and soon became firm friends. What a wonderful idea this is! It's such fun to entertain friends in this informal way—perhaps it will encourage you to get to know some Club Members!

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I want to become a member of the Stork Wives Club. I enclose a 1/- Postal Order to cover cost of registration and to help towards postage and packing. (Postal Orders should be made payable to Van den Berghs Ltd., and crossed "& Co.")

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Here is the second and final part

of Geoffrey Horne's drama of . . .

A BOY ALONE

Jim had gone—how could they find him on the moor?

THE STORY SO FAR.—Life was good for young Jim Metcalfe . . . until the day he knew a baby was coming to share his home in the old farmhouse on the moors. Everything seemed to change. For the first time he felt insecure, unwanted by his parents. Something he could not understand had come between them. . . .

SHE gave her husband little comfort. He was like a man burdened with the guilt of some undiscovered crime. He tried, excessively, to resume his old relationship with his son, and the boy seemed to shrink from him. Jim went about with him again, but he was quieter, and less talkative. It was hard for the father to see him so, and to realize his own helplessness, to have to wait for the healing passage of time, hoping that in this way a remedy would be effected. The coming baby stood between man and boy more than it did between Jim and his mother. Metcalfe cursed himself often for his lack of common sense in preparing his eldest child for what was to happen, for the abruptness with which he had imparted the knowledge of his wife's condition.

One morning, finding Jim in the barn with Meg, the sheepdog, his father said, "She's getting old, Jim. Time to pension her off, I think. How would you like it if I got another dog, and let you have Meg for your own?"

Jim said, "You'll never get another dog like Meg. I don't see how you'll ever be able to do without her."

Metcalfe said, "She can't go on forever, Jim. I might as well start to get another into the way of things now. No doubt I shall have to call on you and Meg to help me from time to time. But you'll do that, I know."

For a short period, they were almost on their old footing. Jim's father bought a young dog, and he and his son were happy together again. But there was Jim's mother to think of, too. The birth was late. There was the hint of complications of which they had already been warned. It was a worrying time. Jim was too young to take everything into consideration. His wants and his needs could not be met, as previously, on the instant. He could not avoid his feeling that he was at times unwanted, in the way.

There came a day when the rain stopped. It began to get colder, and the frost bit. The ground crusted, and grew harder, until it was like iron. Jim's breath was white smoke in front of him from dawn to night. His parents even allowed him to bring Meg into the house. Boy and dog crouched together on the rug before the blazing fire, which was fed with sweet-smelling logs. His mother and father began to talk to him about Christmas. He knew that, by then, he would not be the only child in the house. He could not look forward to the festival as he had done last year. Sometimes he forgot for a while his vague apprehensions. He could not envisage, in his inexperience, exactly what it would mean to him for there to be a second child. But always his mother was apparent to him, feeding and caring for a new life, forcing him to renewed realization.

It began. He was alone in his room. He had not dared to request from his father that Meg be allowed to be with him at nights. Before he went to bed he took her back to the barn, bedding her amongst deep-piled straw, wrapping her in old blankets his mother had given to him. Meg's tail drooped between her legs as she accompanied him. But she was obedient from a lifetime of training and obedience. He did not chain her. When he told her to lie down and stay, she did as he said. In the light of the lantern which swung in his hand, as he left her he saw the mournful eyes staring after him. He consoled himself with the thought of the welcome he would receive tomorrow. The dog was everything to him.

JIM did not know what had awakened him. It was pitch-dark. He was frightened. Some disaster seemed to be hanging over the house, about to descend on them. He could hear, or thought that he could hear, strange noises which he could not place. As the sleep dissolved from his brain he was conscious that the sounds which terrified him came from his parents' room. He could not recognize his mother's voice in the intermittent groans and screams which afflicted his ears, but he knew that they could emanate from no one else.

He sat up in bed, the coverings wrapped round him, hunched, the tears starting to his eyes. A thin crack of light cleft the darkness near the floor. He heard the sneck lifted. His father was standing there, holding a candle. In so isolated a spot there was not, even yet, electricity.

His father came into the room, and sat down on the edge of the bed. He said, "The baby has started to come, Jim." A scream, strangled as it was being uttered, broke the night about them. "It's always like this, Jim. It doesn't mean anything. I've sent George in the Land-Rover for the doctor."

His father could not stay with him. The Metcalfes for generations had been born in this house. The man had wanted with all his heart that this should continue to be so. He did not believe in hospitals. Though he would hardly have confessed it, he was obsessed that, if his wife was taken away, his child and hers might, through the carelessness of people he did not know, become confused with others. He loved his wife with a love which was all the stronger because it was inarticulate, too great for his powers of expression. He wanted to be by her at the birth of their children, to have her hand in his, to imbue her with some of his masculine strength in this tribulation for which the responsibility weighed on him. He was miserable now because he had kept her here, forgetful that it was her wish as well as his.

THE night dispersed into a grey, cold daylight. Jim was not allowed to go to his mother's room. There were long intervals of quiet, broken suddenly by renewed screams which could not be suppressed. The kitchen, when he went down, was like an ice-house. There was no fire in the grate, no breakfast prepared. He could hear his father pacing backwards and forwards upstairs.

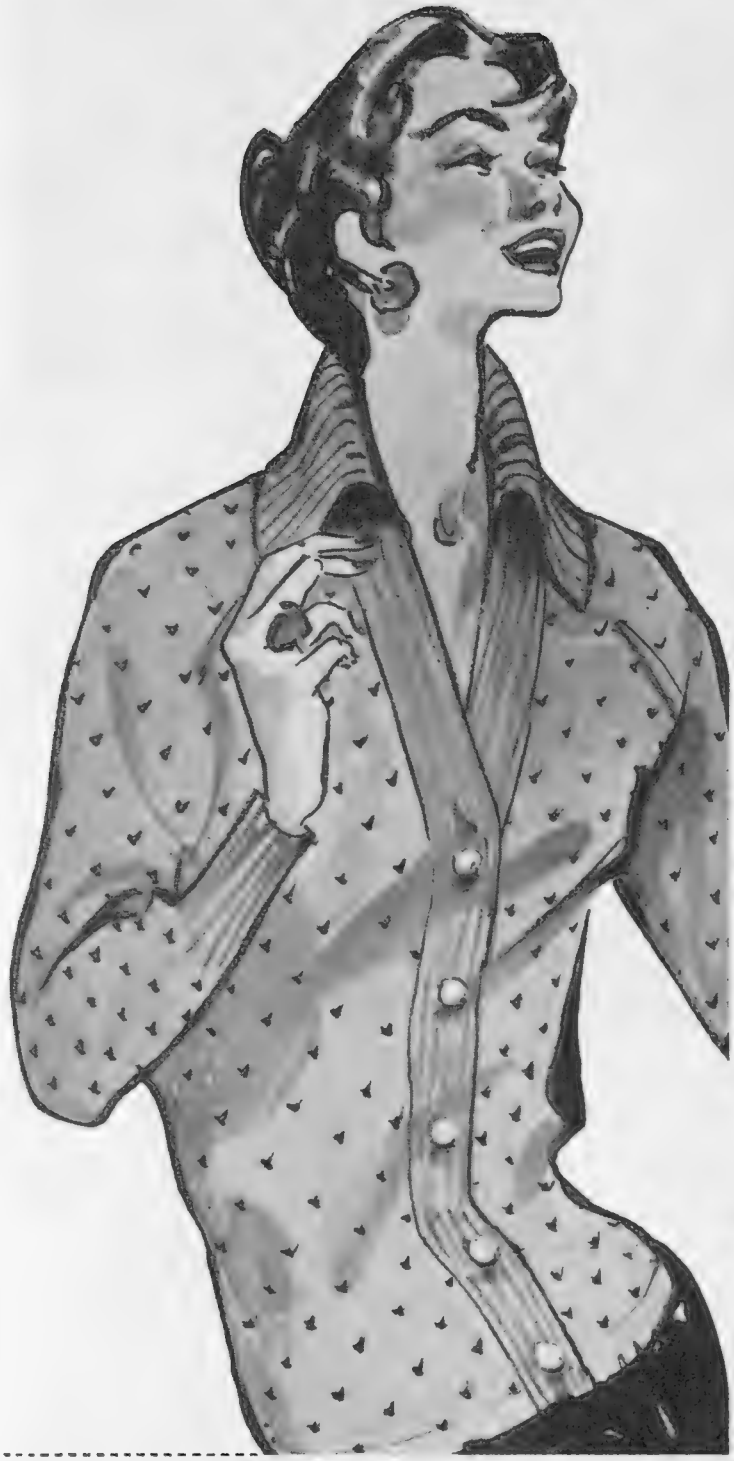
The Land-Rover came back with George, his father's labourer. A fat woman was with him. She took off her coat, and patted Jim's cheek. "There. There, little man," she said. "There's nothing to be afraid of. The doctor will be up soon." She turned to George. "Whatever is William Metcalfe thinking about?" she asked. "Get a fire going, and water hot."

George grinned. He was old, and had never married. He said, "You know how it is. Think of what we men must go through at times like this."

George was talking to him, frying bacon and eggs as he did so. When they had finished eating, George said, "Come on, lad. Your father's no use this morning to man or beast. You'll have to give me a hand with the mucking-out and fodder-ing." He scratched his head. "I'll tell you what," he added. "It's about time I taught you to milk."

The doctor's car drove up the lane. There were no more tasks for Jim to accomplish. He sat in the barn with Meg, his terror increasing. He did not dare to go back into the house. His father did not come to look for him.

(Continued on page 70)



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THE HOMECOMING

(Continued from page 16)

There was a blending of nervousness, surprise and aching regret in her manner. The man got up, half moving towards her, then stopped, chilled to ice. The reason for the strain, the shrinking and lack of confidence came to him with appalling clearness, without the need for speech. He had been blind and now there was the dreadful lightning flash of illumination.

"Who was it?" he asked quietly.

Startled, she looked up and her voice was sharp with nervousness when she answered.

"What do you mean?"

"The other man."

HE did not look at her as he spoke and only guessed the pallor, the watchful apprehension on her face, but he heard her indrawn breath, a whistle of fear.

"There was someone, wasn't there?" he went on. "I might have thought of it. Somehow I never did. Who was it?"

The demand was sharp and she answered quickly, her voice brittle.

"An American officer. Things were hard—he was kind to us—I was grateful. He wanted me to go back to America with him but I knew that was not possible in case one day——"

"I came back," he finished. "I wonder that should have stopped you?"

Then for some moments he said no more, and the silence prickled between them.

"Did you love him?" he asked at last, harshly.

"I became attached to him—he was very good to us—brought things for the children——"

For my children, he thought—the children I never saw grow up. He got to his feet and came towards her. She stiffened, shrank, but remained where she was. He did not, however, come near enough to touch her. There was no violence in him, only the numbness of pain.

"It was lonely," she almost whispered, a tremble of tears in her voice. It was the first sign of real emotion he had seen in her.

Then her head dropped. He saw her hands clenched, the white knuckles pressed together. He got his hat and coat and went out into sunshine that half-blinded him.

Necessity for some sort of action or movement to break the appalling sensation that all life had frozen, drove him out. His numbed brain could only flash repeatedly on the screen of his mind the revelation that had come to him. Of course he should have guessed it would happen. A woman alone, young and pretty and a husband disappeared, perhaps for ever—what inducement was there to be faithful? Or had it been primarily for practical needs that American money could satisfy? That made it more horrible.

They hadn't welcomed him, he saw that now—except Ilse who had probably never realized that the good-natured American was her mother's lover. Helmut's silence spoke his knowledge and he was anxious for his mother.

The man walked on, sometimes slowly, as though reluctant to come face to face with the issue, sometimes hurrying as the urgency of his own thoughts impelled him.

He had heard men, in their suspicion, torment themselves and threaten the most horrible violence, even murder, if they had been betrayed while they suffered. Both then and now, the futile revenge they promised themselves seemed ludicrous and horrible.

DESTROYING the wrongdoer would not heal the wrong. If it was a fact, you faced it. He had never got beyond that, because it had not been his problem. Now it was, and the problem was not only what he was to do but whether, in fact, it mattered if he did anything.

They had been all right without him. If he walked until he collapsed and died in the forest, they would feel only a vague regret, as for a stranger, and carry on as before. Long, long ago, his existence had ceased to have any bearing upon their lives. That was the most terrible thing of all.

It was late when he returned; much later than he had thought. The lights were on and as he slowly entered, they were waiting in the living room. He closed the door, then paused for a moment before advancing into the room, reading his own derelict appearance in the expressions in their eyes, fixed on him as though they dared not look elsewhere. Helmut

(Continued on page 66)

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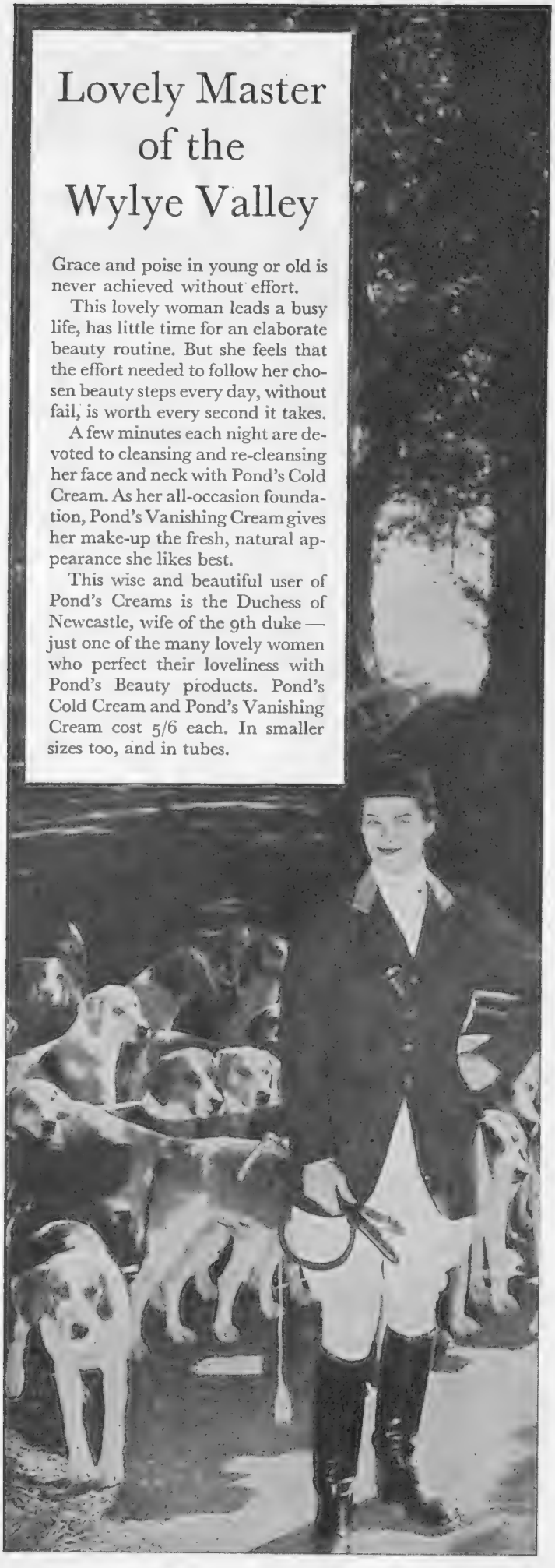

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THE HOMECOMING

(Continued from page 64)

made a swift, quiet, instinctive move of protection to his mother's side. The dog sprang forward but after a brief touch, the man pushed it away and it dropped its ears. Then Ilse came towards him, with quick anxiety.

"Where have you been? We have been so worried!"

NOT even her young eagerness and tenderness could affect him now. He shrugged.

"Why?" he asked bleakly. "Why should you be?"

She withdrew, her smile fading into half-childish bewilderment that stabbed him.

He turned away from them and went into the bedroom, slowly putting down his hat and coat and sitting on the side of the bed to take off his boots. Then a further thought struck him. Here also—he must have been here, this American. He got up off the bed, looking around him with a sense of distaste bordering on revulsion. How long ago? How often?

He went back to the living-room, suddenly aware that he felt sick and empty. He went to a chair and sat, dropping down with sheer exhaustion and closing his eyes.

He had walked for hours and had not eaten, he realized, since breakfast. Before his return he had been warned that his health wasn't good—heart not altogether sound. Now he felt nearer to complete collapse than ever before. Then something happened that seemed stranger than anything else. Helmut moved away and returned with a glass which he gave to him with one word.

"Here!"

The man sipped it gratefully. Suddenly all emotion was spent and he felt neither anguish nor anger but only a great weariness.

Then, with a shining of tears in her eyes, Ilse pulled up a stool and sat near him, taking hold of his hand. The man opened his eyes to look at her in wonderment.

His wife came to the back of his chair. For a moment she stood, then put one hand on the chair. In the same careful, almost timid way, the other hand touched his shoulder.

He could only think that she had touched him—with pity only, perhaps, but at least she had not watched in indifference. Helmut took the empty glass from him and Ilse, still holding his hand, watched him with a smile of anxious affection.

Now that he was spent, they had drawn near him, encircling his solitude. The first glimmer of warmth, of contact, was precious.

In the silence that flowed over him he heard his wife send Ilse to bring the supper. She kissed his cheek as she left the room and he felt himself tremble. With an anxious look at his mother, Helmut went with her.

"I wish it hadn't happened," his wife said.

He knew she was not speaking of his long absence but the other thing. He sat up and lifted his head but she had turned her back. Words came from him slowly, as the thoughts formed.

"We were apart—living different lives—lives we should never have had to live. Whatever happened to us, therefore, had nothing to do with our life together——"

IT was difficult to express it. It was not that it did not matter, that was not true. But they must be saved from being bound by it forever. There must be something to heal—to end the separateness, to restore. Not to be bitter—to forgive! To use the precious gifts of freedom and return and not let them be marred. She had not gone away, although there had been the opportunity. Therefore she had never really put him out of her mind.

"I always loved you," he said softly, lingering over the first touch of tenderness. "At first, not knowing how long, I thought I should go mad. But it's over now."

So impossible to really express it! He was tired and his eyes closed again. As he spoke, the woman had lifted her head, her colour returning. Now she moved slowly back to him. Again her hands touched his shoulders, then, with half fearful movements, moved to either side of his face and she bent her head low over him. Her touch was one of humility, a plea for the forgiveness that alone could make possible their future life together. He drew her hands down from his face and kissed them gently. Her cheek touched his and he felt her tears. Or perhaps they were his own. He didn't know.

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FOOD FORUM

by Mary Steel

Jam-making? The expert tip for success is...

first choose your fruit

WHY do so many recipes for jam-making and bottling begin blandly at the point when the cook and her ingredients are gathered together in the kitchen?

They neglect the first and most vital step in all cooking and preserving—wise shopping for the raw materials. Badly chosen fruit can ruin a batch of expertly made jam.

I have been talking to slim, brown-haired Mrs. Erica Carr at the spick-and-span jam factory on her two hundred-acre farm at Elsenham (near Bishop's Stortford), Essex. famous pound pots are exported to countries all over the world.

☆ ☆ ☆

Mrs. Carr is not so much an expert jam maker as a skilled farmer and fruit grower.

All fruit for Elsenham jam —except oranges for marmalade and apricots—is grown on her farm. One jam that no housewife can ever produce at home is the famous little scarlet strawberry made from wild berries which have been cultivated. The fruit is not on sale in the shops.

When it comes to large strawberry jam, Mrs. Carr has one tip which might be adapted for use by the home cook—even for jam made with other fruits. She combines two different varieties, Royal Sovereign and Climax —the first for its excellent flavour and the second for its fine colour.

☆ ☆ ☆

Although it is always as well to choose under-ripe fruit for jam-making, Mrs. Carr says that if it is *too* under-ripe, the jam will have poor colour. She has one good tip for jam made from plums or similar fruit. The jam often tends to be mushy, so at Elsenham whole halves of the fruit are added before boiling is completed.

Advice on damsons: "Do *NOT* choose the large King Damsons for jam-making. They do not have that wonderful tart flavour. The smaller damsons are the ones."

From the Cordon Bleu Cookery School in Marylebone Lane, London, I learnt a few more hints about home jam-making and preserving.

Buy a copper preserving pan if you can, say the experts. Its shallow shape ensures that the jam cooks quickly—essential for flavour and colour.

Another tip for speedy cooking is to heat the sugar in the oven before adding it to the fruit.

Don't forget the savoury uses for jellies and preserves. Apple jelly can be transformed by the addition of fragrant herbs, while jelly with the subtle flavours of rose geranium or lemon verbena makes something special of an ordinary spongecake.

Spiced fruits are another luxury addition to the store cupboard. Victoria Plums are especially good prepared in this way. Plums can also be used as the basis for spicy sauces to enliven meat dishes.

☆ ☆ ☆

MINT JELLY

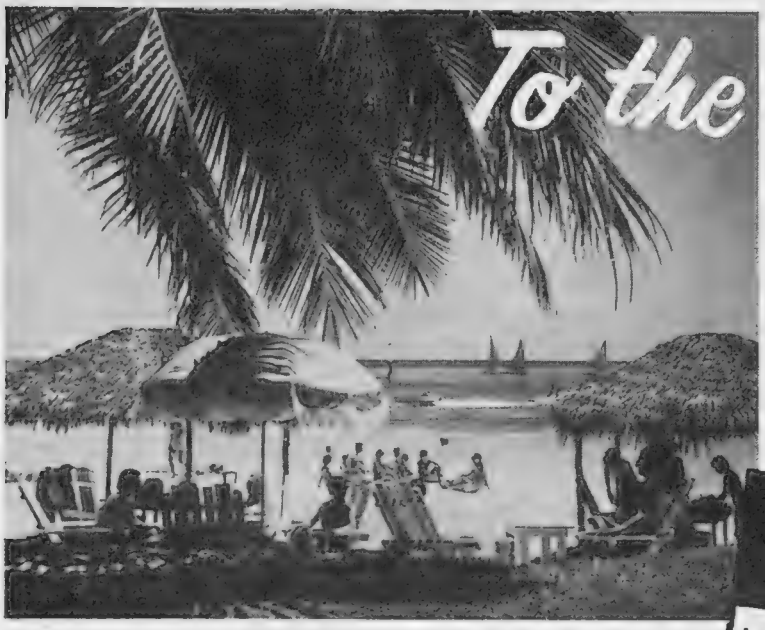
2 lb. green apples; one quart water; ½ tsp. citric or tartaric acid; fresh mint; sugar; green colouring

Slice apples without peeling or coring. Cook to a pulp with water, acid and sprigs of mint. Strain through a jelly bag, letting it drip through the night. Measure and add 1 lb. sugar to each pint, bringing mixture to boil. When jelly sets, add colouring, skim and bottle.

DAMSON CHEESE

Use 1 lb. sugar to each pint of fruit pulp

Sieve cooked damsons. Then add sugar and cook in heavy pan until pulp is thick enough to hold impression of spoon. Stir frequently during cooking. Put cheese into small straight-sided jars. When cold, turn out and use as spread.



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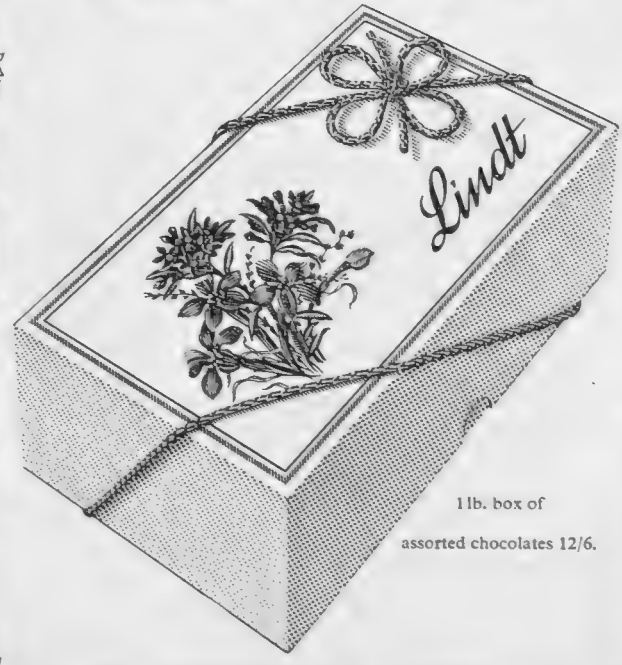
mountain rose



1 lb. box of assorted chocolates 12/6.

THE CHOCOLATE OF THE CONNOISSEUR

A BOY ALONE

(Continued from page 63)

George was busy somewhere with essential work. Jim went to the barn door. He stood looking up at the window behind which his mother lay, above the living-room. The sounds of his mother's distress seemed to him even greater and more frequent as the morning wore on.

He could stand it no longer. His heart turned inside him with memories of the happy times. He remembered, in particular, those days in Spring and Summer when he had gone with his father to the moor, when the two of them had been so close together. It seemed to him that never again could they regain the intimacy they had known. No one sought for him. No one troubled about him. He was forgotten, abandoned. Nothing again would ever be as it was in the past. He had nothing to which he could look forward. No one remained who bore love for him, who cared what became of him. Soon, very soon, he thought, he would be without a mother even in name.

WILLIAM METCALFE sat eating at the table in the kitchen. The doctor had already finished, and stood with his back to the fire, warming himself before leaving.

The doctor said, "It's all right now, William. A long job, but worth it all for a bouncing daughter, eh?"

William, his ruddiness less apparent, his shoulders drooping wearily, said, "I can't thank you enough. I thought I was going to lose her."

"Nonsense, man. You'll have more of a brood yet, now you've got off to a good start with a boy and a girl."

"Aye," said William. "Nothing would please me better. But please God next time will be easier than this."

The doctor said, "It's a deuce of a place to get them into the world. But, once here, what better is there? I envy you, William, up here on your own. You don't know how fortunate you are."

"It's our place." William replied, a man stating a truth with which there could be no argument, a fact indisputable, a blessing apparent. He looked at the window. A few flakes of white showed floating gently against the grey background of steely sky.

The doctor's eyes followed the direction of the other's. He said, "I'd better be off, while I can still go. The midwife's staying. You couldn't have a better."

"Aye," said William. "I don't want to hurry you. But we're in for a fall."

George came into the kitchen later. He shook the snow from his shoulders. He said, "A girl, the doctor told me. We can get back to business now, I reckon." He took off his coat, and went to the fire to lift the lid from a pan. "At least there's something to eat. Cold fare such as I had for my dinner s no use to a man on a day like this."

"It's going to be heavy," William said. "I should have got the sheep down from the moor."

"Nay," George replied. "They'll be right enough. They've sense to make their own way down if there's need. We've only to go up tomorrow and open a gate or two."

William Metcalfe asked, "Where's Jim? In the barn?. He'll be as glad as I am that all this is over."

"Jim?" the old man repeated, and the banter he had had in his tone disappeared suddenly. "He's not in the barn, master. I thought he'd be in the house."

William Metcalfe said quietly, "Not that I know of." He got up quickly from his chair, and went into the living-room. The farm man gazed after him, and then opened the yard-door hurriedly. He did not trouble to put on his coat again.

They were back, both of them, in a few minutes.

William said, "He's nowhere in the house."

"Yon old dog's missing, too," George said, softly.

They looked at each other, a long look. William Metcalfe said, "My God!" He stretched out a hand blindly to a chair, and sank into it. He did not know how he could have forgotten Jim all day. He heard George's voice. "Yon lad's been queer ever since he knew about this. It's maybe a bit of a shock for a young one, to know he's not going to be the only pebble on the beach any more."

William said, urgently, getting to his feet, "You go through the mistals and the loose boxes. I'll look on the mows, and up on the balks."

THE shadows cast by the lantern danced in the corners of the barn. "It's no use," George said. "He's nowhere about."

Metcalfe said, "I ought to have known, George. I haven't treated him right." He sounded broken, defeated.

George's grip tightened. "There's nothing to blame yourself for, William. We know how it's been with Annie."

Metcalfe said, "That's no use, George. I'll never forgive myself."

They stood looking out into the dark. The world in front of them was already white, the ground at their feet, the air into which they gazed. It was a world, too, of ineffable silence, every small sound blanketed and blotted out by the snow.

"You'll have to keep it from her," George said. "Yet awhile. We're not beat yet. It's something she'll be exhausted and sleep-starved after what she's been through."

The other asked, "Where can he be? What must have possessed him?" As he put the question he knew the answer. He knew the sins of which he had been guilty, his failure to understand fully the workings of a child's mind, to give the comfort he could have given. He had not thought he could be so weak, so ineffective. He began to pray silently to himself.

George said, slowly, "There's the moor. Ever since he went there he's talked of nothing else except how often he could go again." He heard his master's sob, unrestrained, the sound of a beaten man. He went on, "We're not done for yet, I tell you. The old dog's with him." He looked hopelessly into the falling snow, feeling the uselessness of his words. He felt the other gather himself. "There's nowt to be done in the night, man. If he's under a wall, or a rock, he'll likely last 'til morning."

"To hell with that," Metcalfe replied fiercely. "Get the Land-Rover, and get round the neighbours. Tell them what we think. They can get up here by dawn, snow or no snow. You'll find me on the moor somewhere."

"Aye," said George. "Take care, William. There's Annie and the young one, you know."

He wrapped himself well against the weather, hat pulled down over his eyes, a scarf wound round his neck. the heaviest overcoat he possessed, collar up-turned, trousers tucked into his rubber boots. He carried a strong ash-stick. In his pocket he had all the torches there were in the farmhouse.

HE went back through the barn, hearing as he did so the motor of the Land-Rover start in the bottom yard, and came out through the small door on to the hillside. He could see little. There was nothing at all to be heard once the sound of George's engine had died away down the lane. He thanked God that he knew this country, for his birth and upbringing here. Even so, he had to grope for the wall, and follow it upwards. A little way from the farm there was a small quarry from which stone had once been taken for the village down in the dale. He saw Jim struggling through the snow on his way from the moor, losing direction, stumbling blindly over the edge into the deep pit left in the ground. He knew there was no point in searching there with the poor illumination he had available. He doubted whether in the darkness, needing both hands free, he could have climbed over the tumbled rocks to the bottom. Resolutely he put from him the pictures created by his imagination. He had no plan. He did not know what he was going to do, only what he intended to accomplish. He looked back over the whole of his life. He could see no action in it which had been done deliberately to the hurt of others. He was an honest man, god-fearing, upright, a man who was fiercely fond of his home and family, who would never stray from his wife. He knew that he cared nothing now for anything or anyone except Jim. He was oppressed by the sense of his omissions towards the boy.

He asked only that he should find him. For such a boon it would not matter to him whether or not his own life was forfeit.

(Continued on page 74)

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WINE

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thirteen months make a vintage year

HOCK is the best-known German wine widely drunk in this country, and for many connoisseurs it is the supreme still white wine.

The name "Hock" itself is of uncertain origin, possibly, but not definitely, derived from Hochheim on the River Main, an easterly tributary of the Rhine.

Hock as a general term has been in use only since about the middle of the seventeenth century. Before then, the very popular wines from this area were known widely as "Rhenish," a description used as early as Shakespeare and his contemporaries. These wines are still better known as Rhine wines, as opposed to Moselle wines: "Hock" is an expression unknown in Germany.

The centuries-old German claim that Rhine wines are the finest of all white wines is certainly hard to deny.

Hock wines are noteworthy for their exceptional lightness and freshness, amazing clarity and purity (as should be obvious by holding any glassful up to the light) coupled with their marked absence of acidity, tasteful body, full flavour, and the marvellous subtleness of the bouquet.

The Germans themselves talk of the "Lords of the Rhine" as opposed to the "Ladies of the Moselle," and it is a fact that hock is clearly the more masculine of the two wines.

☆ ☆ ☆

In a nutshell, then, the qualities to look for in hock are richness, style and bouquet. Incidentally, although hocks are usually deeper in colour than moselles, colour alone is no guide to a wine's value: some of the finest and richest hocks look pale—but the palate dispels all doubts about them.

The German vigneron probably has the hardest task of all European wine-growers, for his geographical position makes his vineyards subject to hard Winters and severe frosts sometimes as late as May; other handicaps may include Spring snow, lack of Summer sunshine leading to a late vintage, with its attendant climatic risks.

If the weather just prior to the vintage is unfavourable, the young wood destined to bear next year's grapes will not ripen properly. No wonder there is a local saying that "it requires thirteen months of suitable weather to make a vintage year."

☆ ☆ ☆

The commonest vine grown is the Riesling, a direct descendant of the native vine, but also populating the vineyards are the Sylvaner—more prolific but making poorer quality wine—and the Traminer, confined to the Palatinate region and slowly being replaced by a Riesling-Sylvaner cross called the Müller-Thurgau, which ripens early and yields abundantly. Pressing still takes place in many villages in the old wooden screw presses, although modern methods are gradually taking hold.

Hocks must mature slowly. Cheap wines may reach the bottle within a year of the harvest, but the better ones are not bottled until the second Spring after the harvest. Blending is not customary, which expains why there are so many individual hock varieties. In the selection, the average consumer must first be guided by the shipper's name and then by his own taste through careful experiment.

The most famous regions producing hocks are the Rheingau, where Riesling grapes predominate, offering the finest of all—firm, rich, aromatic; the Palatinate, further south, yielding fruity wines of great tenderness and the Rheinhessen, producing the cheapest and most abundant wines, notably Liebfraumilch.

Strictly speaking, this is a wine originating from a small group of vineyards enclosed by the walls of the "Liebfrauenstift" in Wirms, whence most of our hocks are exported, but it has come to mean any soft, agreeable, good quality rheinhessen wine—and, unfortunately, some poor hocks as well.—*D.G.*

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A BOY ALONE

(Continued from page 70)

Inspiration came to him as he searched the moor. He put two of his fingers into his mouth, curling his tongue. His lips pursed into the shape he wanted. He whistled as he had never whistled. The sound pierced the white night, tearing the silence about him apart. He could feel his ungloved hand stiffening. He had never prayed so hard and so sincerely.

He did not see the dog approach. The first he knew of its presence was a whimpering about his legs, the nosing of it as it pushed against him. He sank down on his knees, into the snow which was already deep. "Meg! Meg!" he muttered, in a distress it would have been unkind to him to witness. The tears were pouring from his eyes.

Even now he could not be sure. He felt about the dog's neck, seeking to discover whether it wore its collar. He was granted that small mercy. He unbuttoned his coat, and unwrapped the long scarf, the ends of which had been passed under his armpits so that they met around his back. He knotted one end to the dog's collar, and held the other firmly in his hand. "Meg!" he said, conveying his own urgency to the dog. "Good Meg! Take me to Jim."

He followed the dog. He could not keep his footing. He fell, frequently. Although he did not think the dog would leave him even if he lost his hold on his end of the scarf he hung on grimly, fighting the instinct to break his falls by thrusting both hands in front of him. He did not know in which direction he was being led. He did not care.

They came to the bottom of a steep rise. All about him were huge rocks. The snow was being driven against them, piling itself into deep drifts. Meg scratched and whined, floundering in the softness, which had had no time, yet, to freeze into a crust. He struggled after her, breathing hard.

A VOICE said, "Daddy! Daddy, is that you?"

The dog was barking. It was pulling so hard that he was compelled to release it. In the place to which he came a slab of rock protruded from the slope, forming a roof. Large stones beneath it at ground level were formed into a semblance of walls. The snow had settled against them, filling the gaps and interstices. It was almost a little cave. He had to crawl on his hands and knees to get in.

Jim was huddled at the rear of the enclosure. He seemed very small. Before they moved, pressing back as far as they could from Meg, two sheep, strayed from the main flock, were close to him, their fleeces warming him. The dog leapt at him, smothering him with her eagerness. His father heard him say, proudly, "Good dog, Meg! Good dog!"

Metcalfe could not speak for a long time. It was impossible in the darkness, in this white obscure world, to find a way, even with the dog, back to the moor gate. Inside their tiny cave, with the snow continuing to form itself into barriers against the wind it was much warmer than Metcalfe had expected, the breath expelled by man and boy and animals taking the chill from the air. He held Jim close to him, inside his coat. He could feel the warmth of his son's body begin to penetrate against his own. The dog, wishing to be as close as possible to Jim, lay, comforting, on Metcalfe's outstretched legs.

He heard Jim say, "I am sorry, Daddy. I thought you did not want me any more. I came with Meg for a walk on to the moor, and the snow started. It was Meg who brought me here, following the sheep."

He could not ask whether Jim had intended ever to return. His arm tightened about his son. He said, "Nothing could pay for your loss, Jim." And he began to talk to the child, trying to explain his worries, how it was that there are times when a grown man must seem remote, and misunderstanding, because there are things in life which must be faced, though not by children whilst they remain children.

Jim said, pressing against his father, "I know all that now. I thought about it whilst I was waiting for you. I am sorry because I was naughty. I will be good."

They sat in silence. Jim asked at length, "Has the baby come?"

"Yes," his father replied. "A girl."

THERE was a pause before Jim spoke again. He said, "Girl's aren't much good to do men's work, are they? I shall still be able to help you."

His father said, "Even if they were, or if it had been another boy, Jim, you are the eldest. The farm will be yours someday, and you will be the head of the family, to look after and advise all those who come after you. I couldn't do without you, Jim."

Jim said, "I should have thought about it like that."

Gradually the night passed. His father dug and scraped at the packed snow, forcing a way out. The morning was clear. In the dawn they could see familiar landmarks, trees patching the whiteness, rocks the position of which they recognized by their shapes.

They set out, back across the moor. They had not reached the gate before they met the party of men coming in search of them, all the farmers, and farmers' sons, and farm-men from miles around, headed by George.

Jim said, "Must we tell Mummy about this?"

His father answered, the words falling measured and thoughtfully. "Yes, Jim. Now that you are safe. Your mother and I need to know the things you have made clear to me. It is not only the young who lack understanding. You can teach us, as we can teach you. We have both to ask your forgiveness, Jim."

Meg jumped around their feet, sinking into the snow, and freeing herself from it in a white storm of snow-dust. Jim heard his father explaining what had happened to them during the night.

A stout, stocky man said, "By gum, William! That's a rare dog."

Jim said, "Meg is my dog. I wasn't frightened. I knew she'd fetch Daddy."

JEAN RICHARDSON'S BEAUTY-BOX

LIKE it or lump it, the summer's nearly over. If you've acquired an expensive tan on Continental beaches, you'll want to keep it as long as possible. Try Guerlain's protective, soothing Sport Cream, 11s. 3d. or 16s. 6d., used as a coloured base, with or without powder. There are four shades; the deepest is Foncé—chocolate-coloured in the pot, but golden-brown on you.

Marvellous against your brown skin—Max Factor's Roman Pink lipstick. This pale, warm pink has a translucent, luminous quality that's perfect for the outdoor look. Large size lipstick 7s. 1d., refill 3s. 11d.; small size 5s., refill 2s.

☆ ☆ ☆

If you stayed a paleface, you'll probably prefer Blonde Dubonnet, Richard Hudnut's new colour. It's a pure, true red, with just that hint of blue flattering to a cooler complexion. Lipstick 9s., refill 4s.

After the summer I'm always broke, what with holidays and that irresistible last-minute cotton, so I try and save on hairdressers. Here I found Steiner's Smart Set, 8s. 6d., a boon—you spray it on your damp hair after washing, set in pins or on rollers, and comb out when dry. Result: professional look. Pennywise too is Revlon's Super-base, 7s. 11d.: this basecoat keeps my nail polish on, chipless, for almost twice as long as usual!

I've always been lazy, and it's too late to change now. So I was delighted with Goya's latest achievement—Beauty Puff. It's a combined cream and powder, put on in seconds, and comes in five shades. Above all, it doesn't dry my skin at all, *and* stays the same colour all day long without streaking or splotching. The Shell compact, pink and fluted, costs 6s. 9d., and Cocktail compact 4s.

Last word: an effective set of eyelashes is just as useful as a flair for cooking. Because I like doing things the easy way, my new best friend is Arcancil V, a combined mascara and eyelash grower. It comes in ten shades, in white plastic case with mirror, and costs 12s. 9d.

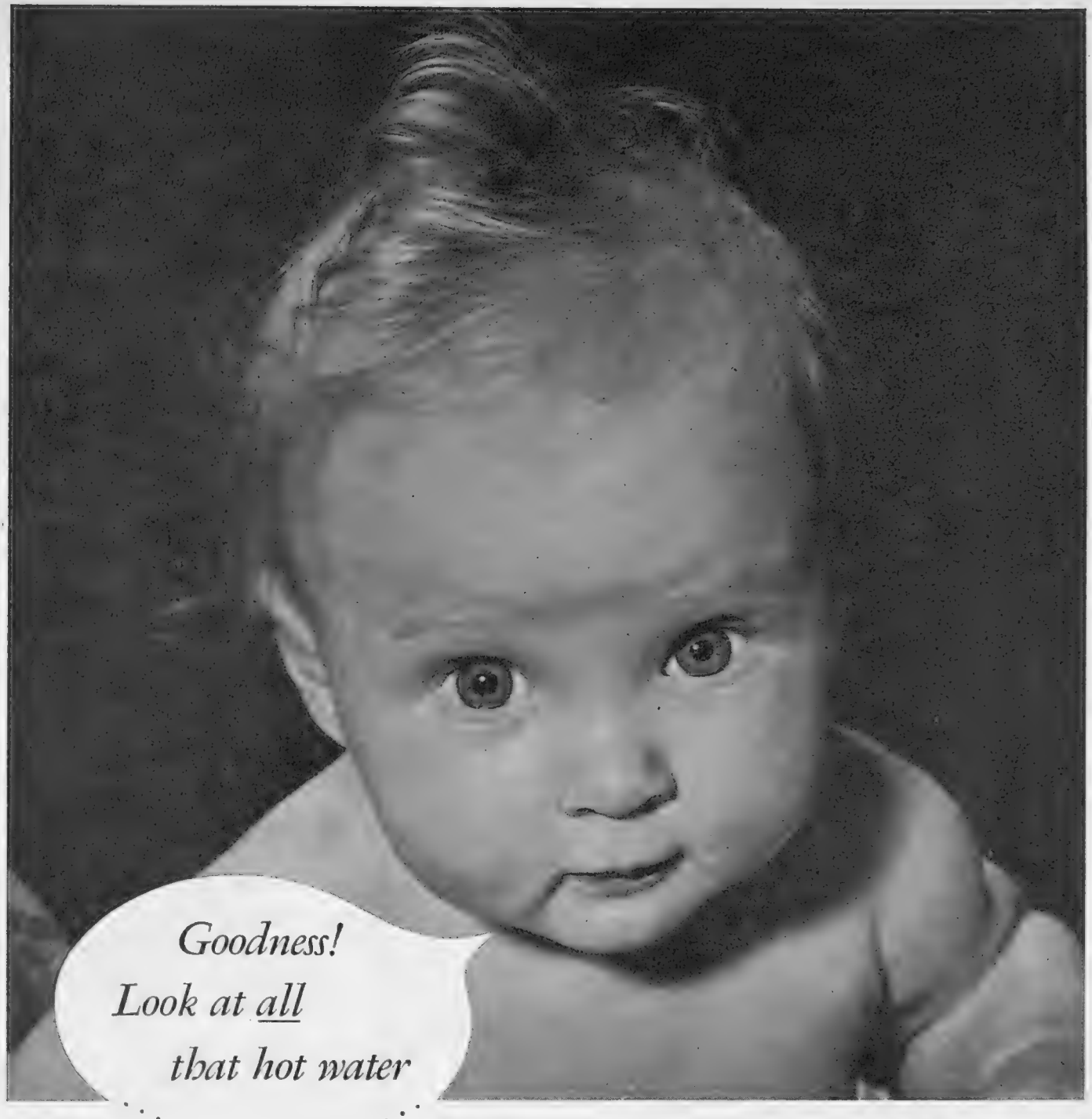
VENICE—how to get there

(see page 18)

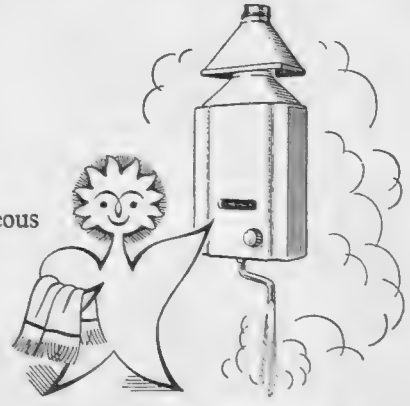
By air—*direct night flight from London Airport by Alitalia and B.E.A. Time: three hours. Cost:* £33 *return.*

By rail—*London via Folkestone, Calais, Basle, Milan, arriving in Venice next day.* 1*st return,* £31 16*s.;* 2*nd,* £21 15*s.*

Further information: *Italian State Tourist Office,* 201 *Regent Street, London, W.*1.



And plenty of hot water is goodness, indeed! Hot water from a tap, as hot as you need it, as much as you want, for as long as you like, is the most labour-saving thing a mother and housewife can have in her home. And this is exactly what Mr. Therm can do for you with one of his instantaneous Gas water heaters. There are several types and sizes, at different prices, suitable for all households—all of them available on easy terms. Choose *your* model at the Gas Showrooms.



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TALKING OF

BOOKS

THE LID COMES OFF LUCY THE HONEYPOT

by LELGARDE LINDSAY

POOR little Tony is a weakling. And an only son. Hence the hiring by father Oliver of husky, healthy, twenty-year-old Jeff, on vacation from college, to look after Tony generally—and to siphon off any excess of mother-love.

Tony's mother, **Lucy Crown**, is blonde, idol-eyed, and distantly beautiful. To men, she's a honeypot. And the lid comes off for tutor Jeff after a series of unacknowledged disagreements and tensions with her husband.

Thirteen-year-old Tony finds out about their affair. This keyhole discovery shatters his world—destroys his faith in his parents—so that he grows up alone and apart from them.

During the war, Oliver attempts to win back Tony—now devastatingly attractive in a world-weary, I-trust-no-one fashion. Their meeting fails, and Tony's original impression of his father's weakness is confirmed.

Meanwhile Lucy, now spelling love with a capital S, has been drifting from man to man, cheering them up before their departure to the front. Oliver visits her, before he too sets off for the battle, and, disgusted, beats her up.

Lucy's ways change. She still drifts, but strictly solo. In Paris, she spots her son in a bar. Next day she visits him. Painful and difficult though this meeting is, its outcome holds promise. The years that have passed in a waste of misunderstanding have matured them both emotionally. Writer Irwin Shaw moulds this deep theme with a light touch. (Jonathan Cape, 16s.).

Today's **Young Eve** is called a teenager; last century's was a girl "poised on the threshold of womanhood."

This weekend-type anthology, edited by Constance Holt (Blackie, 15s.), consisting of original articles, reprints from the classics, magazines and letters of an earlier date, short stories, and guides to current fashion, beauty and manners, holds the balance neatly between the two outlooks.

OF particular interest are the chapters on choosing a career "for those that can't decide," and things to do, make and read.

An intimate, personal chronicle of the years between 1900 and 1914 is exhibited in Jean Cocteau's **Paris Album** (W. H. Allen, 16s.). It's a translation, of course, and the written word is helped out by delicious little impressionistic sketches by the Master himself. Cocteau, born in 1891, knew intimately the great Parisians of the early twentieth century. In light sparkling phrases, and evocative, fragmentary details, he marshals before us these legendary figures: littérateurs, musicians, actresses—and talkers.

QUICK LOOKS

Bernard Shaw, by St. John Ervine (Constable, 50s.). Comprehensive tome on the life, work and friends of the Irish firecracker, by one of his intimates. Dramatist Ervine examines the plays minutely; also displays the brilliantly faceted contradictions of a personality legendary in lifetime, dwindled after death. Capricious, vain and amorous, genius G. B. S. makes fascinating reading.

Goodbye Is Not Worthwhile, by William Mole (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 10s. 6d.). Stories with a tropic-isle background are my favourite form of escapism. This thriller, a *crime passionel* set in Barbados, fits the bill. The island is lavishly, lovingly described, and the characters who supply the action make as nice a tangled web of intrigue, jealousy, love and hate as I've met for a long time.

Murderer's Moon, by Conrad Phillips (Arthur Barker, 16s.). Are you, too, fascinated by the macabre? Here are four fine specimens: Neville Heath, John Haigh, John Christie and Donald Chesney.

ALL ALONE with a gramophone

SOFT lights and sweet music go together like ham and eggs, love and marriage or Rawicz and Landauer.

Let us see what happens when two pianist-bandleaders, Stanley Black of Britain and Bill Snyder of America, set out (independently) to make 12-inch long-players furnishing just that soft and dreamy music that constitutes the perfect complement to shaded lights and a cosy couch.

Stanley Black, you may remember, led the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra for eight years until 1952, averaging some three hundred broadcasts a year. Today, though still broadcasting and televising, he concentrates on composing and conducting music for films.

Snyder leads a band in American supper clubs and hotels.

Both were boy prodigies; both had classical training. But where Snyder is tall, bespectacled and looks almost professorial, Black is slight, sleek-haired, possesses good eyesight and looks like a dance band pianist.

☆ ☆ ☆

Snyder, I am told in a fascinating American hand-out, uses a 25,000-dollar (almost £9,000) "custom-built ebony piano incorporating special sound chambers and known as Oscar, the Magic Piano."

Black sniffed when I relayed this intelligence to him. He was ill at home in Edgware and therefore his feelings of romance were possibly at a low ebb. "I use a very ordinary piano which I keep in tune," he said rather shortly. I gathered his piano is nameless.

Both men chose romantic melodies for their records. Coincidentally, both included among them "I'll Follow My Secret Heart" (which should help composer Noël Coward in his tax troubles).

Black called his (on Decca), "The Night Was Made For Love," Snyder (on Brunswick) "Music For Holding Hands."

While Snyder used only a rhythm accompaniment, Black used an orchestra with a string section of eighteen players, no doubt bearing in mind what every Latin restaurateur knows—that strings are considered conducive to romance.

The result: Black's record is pleasant and excellent in every way. Snyder's, with his lazy, rippling piano but without violins, is brilliant.

☆ ☆ ☆

Another splendid piano record is "McGuffie Magic," a 10-inch Philips LP by Glasgow's Bill McGuffie. You can tell from his beautiful playing of "La Mer" and "Memory" how completely he overcame the terrible handicap of losing a finger of his right hand in a phone box door when a boy.

The late Bunny Berigan was one of the greatest of white jazz trumpeters. "Take It, Bunny," a 12-inch Philips LP of numbers recorded between 1935 and 1937 and including his classic, "I Can't Get Started," is therefore destined to become historic. Berigan's trumpet playing sounds as wonderful as ever but the riffy backings, despite the presence of artists like Artie Shaw and Glenn Miller, sound dated and undistinguished. It's disappointing.

"Spirituals," a 12-inch LP on London has all the best-known of the breed sung by The Mariners, an American vocal group, in modern rhythmic style. It's infectious.—**HENRY LEWIS**

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PICK-UP *(Continued from page 47)*

turned to Kate and challenged: "How do you like Italy, Miss Wills?"

It seemed to Kate, who was sipping her wine, as if a paper dart had been launched at her down the gleaming mahogany table.

She set down her glass and said with deliberation:

"I like it very much. Very much indeed, thank you, Contessa." Then, seizing the dart: "I like almost everything about your country. I like the colours, I like the movements, I like the dirt and the smells. I like the food very much indeed." She smiled at the Contessa. "And of course I like the wine." She touched her glass.

"Then I find it fascinating the way that everything here seems to have been designed for the picture it will make—even the meanest little *trattoria* gives me that impression.

"It is true of the people, too; I think the Romans are extremely beautiful—I have never seen so many beautiful people in one place!"

SHE beamed on her audience. Leaning across the table she said, confidingly: "Do you know, Contessa, I have a theory about the Italians and the English. I think the English *need* the Italians—and perhaps vice versa. I don't mean politically, though that may be true, too. I know nothing of politics." With a gesture she dispatched politics past the maid and through the window. "I mean temperamentally! The Italian is all air and fire—and we are so often all earth and water — good wives, good business men, good colonists, good sports.

"We need quickening! We lack *élan*, sun, warmth, extravagance, inspired indiscretion — in a word, humanity! We have all the useful Protestant virtues which make us so dependable, but what we need to become complete human beings are some of those sparkling Catholic sins. . . .

"I was hearing yesterday of a homicidal maniac in Naples. He took a hatchet and hacked his wife to pieces in the street in front of all the neighbours. Our homicidal maniacs bury their victims under the floorboards of their bed-sitting rooms and then turn up at the office next morning looking as discreet as the bank manager."

She stopped, rather breathless. Then: "Do you see what I mean?"

"Brava!" called the Contessa, striking her hands together in a brittle applause.

After that, the lunch party went much better.

Gerald had to leave early, but the Contessa promised to send Kate back in her car. When it was time for her to go, she took Kate to the door, shook her warmly by the hand and urged her to call again before she left Rome.

"Thank you so much," said Kate, and turned to enter the car. Gino in a white chauffeur's jacket was holding the door open for her.

She started, then with a dart she was past him and in the car.

She sat in the large Lancia, stunned. Her eyes were fixed on the back of Gino's head as they moved in swoops through the traffic. It was an old-fashioned car with a glass division between the back seat and the driver, so speech would have been impossible.

Gino sat very upright without turning his head. The dark hair curled slightly from beneath his cap. There was something terrible as well as unreal in this arbitrary silence between them. He could have stopped—was he too angry?

She glanced up at length and found he was looking at her in the driving mirror. She could only see his eyes but they smiled at her before he had to turn them again to the road. A great wave of relief rolled over her.

They were halted by the traffic. He turned round for a moment and very gently kissed his hand to her. It was a gesture of devotion—and farewell. How well he could express things. . . .

Here was the hotel. He stopped the car a little short of the main entrance and was round to the door before the porter could reach it.

AS she stepped out past him he murmured with great intensity: "*Domani—non e possibile,* NON *possibile!*" and gripped her hand. She nodded. He slammed the door of the car, then turned and saluted.

"*Arrivederci—e grazie por tutti . . .*" she gasped. With a tip of the head in acknowledgment, he slipped into the car, started the engine and was gone. That was all.

Gerald met her later

"Whatever made you make that speech at lunch?" he asked as they sat down to dinner. "The Contessa must have thought you raving. . . ."

"Perhaps I was only drunk," said Kate. "I like being drunk—I am always so sober at home. In future I shall be drunk more often. . . ."

She was speaking, not to him, but to the warm darkness beyond.

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FASHION TRENDS in BEAUTY ROUTINES

It is most noticeable to the beauty conscious woman that Beauty Editors in their columns are now strongly advising the regular use of a good bland soap as the first and basic step in almost all beauty routines. They stress that the skin must be exquisitely clean and that a fine lather lightly massaged into the pores floats away all impurities. If cool water is then gently splashed on to the skin it will be toned and braced, with closed pores. But it is most necessary to choose a mild bland superfatted soap—CUSSONS make a COLD CREAM SOAP to which lanoline is added, and which is creamy in colour and mild and bland in texture. It is a large tablet, which costs only 1/3d., and if you really do follow the "lather and splash" routine faithfully, morning and evening, you will see the improvement in your skin long before one tablet has been used.

Subscribers to Britannia and EVE who receive their copies direct from Ingram House, are reminded that they should advise us at once—if possible some weeks in advance—of any change in their address—Alterations should be sent to the Publisher, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2.

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MY SON JOHN...

I BOUGHT it for the devil of it. It cost me 3s. 6d. And it was greeted with squeals of delight by the boys. It was a tortoise.

My wife didn't like it, but that is understandable. She was out when I brought it home and I left it on the table in a cardboard box with the lid on. Then I slipped out for a quickie.

When my wife came in she had to see what was in the box. Women are like that.

After she recovered from the fright, she hated it.

But the boys and I won. Tottie stayed.

The eldest boy made a home for Tottie from a shoe-box. He divided this in half, covered one half and made a hole through the dividing wall. The covered half was Tottie's bedroom. The open half was the dining-room.

Every morning, before he went to school, the boy put Tottie and his box outside the kitchen door by the dustbin. Later, my wife put Tottie on the lawn.

Came Friday and the dustman.

At lunch time the boy, back home from school, went to find his tortoise. But Tottie had gone . . . with the dustman.

I rang up the Sanitary Officer.

"I say," I said, "this just won't do. Every week we put cardboard boxes on the dustbin and the dustman puts them back on the ground. Today he picks up the one cardboard box we left on the ground and takes it away. In it was my son's tortoise."

"I'm so sorry," said the voice. "I'll try the dump to see if they've got him, but I don't hold out much hope."

"Thanks," I said and took a tearful little boy back to school.

Later, I spoke to the voice again. "Sorry," it said. "There's no hope."

I WENT off to bring the boy home. His first words were: "Have you found Tottie?"

That took some explaining. The little face puckered. The tears began to fall.

We turned the corner into our road. Outside the house was a small green van. And outside the van was a very dapper gentleman. In his hand, through a loop of string, he held a box.

"Is this," he asked (with just a faint suspicion of distaste), "yours?" He took the lid off the box and there lay Tottie.

"We can't identify it, of course," he said, "but if you agree it belongs to you we'll take your word for it. We found him crawling from the paper heap."

"I assure you," I said, "it belongs to us. We are very glad to see it back."

"Well, that's that," he said.

That was just about the moment the bus drew up. My wife stepped off with a cardboard box . . . a very large cardboard box.

"Look what I've got," she said.

She took the lid off and there was the largest tortoise I have ever seen.

Which explains why a little girl I know received a very large tortoise for her birthday.

Her father no longer speaks to me. He had some very healthy seedlings . . . once.

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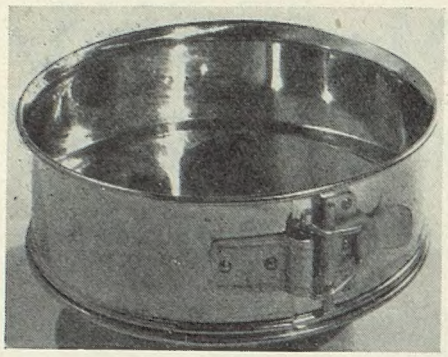

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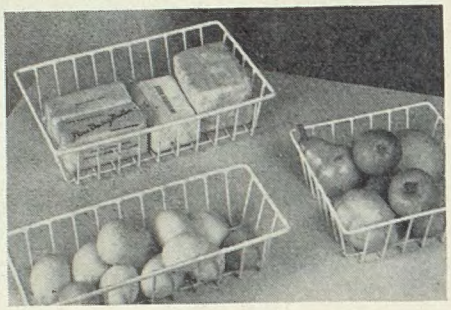

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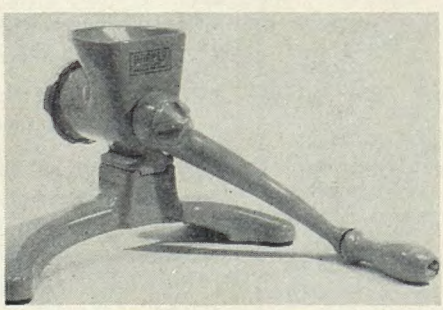

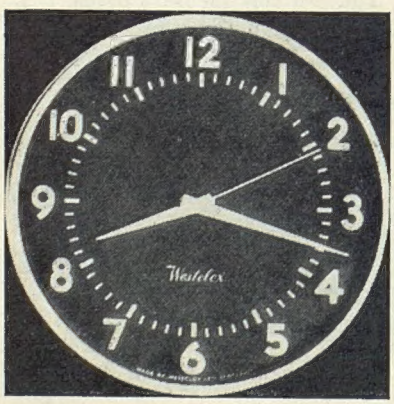

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